

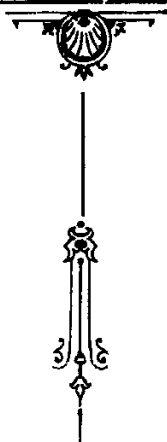
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A SHORT HISTORY
OR
BIOGRAPHY
OF THE
PINNELL FAMILY

FROM THE
XVI. CENTURY TO 1903-7
BY
MISS NANCY A. PINNELL
...AND H. E. PINNELL...



The Erie Printing Co,  1314-1316 Peach St.

1907

THE WILL OF JAMES PINNELL,

Born the latter part of the 16th Century.

(Extract from the principal registry of Her Majesty's Court of Prolate in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.)

In the name of God, Amen! I James Pinnell, The Elder of the Parish of Lamberth, in the county of Surrey Baker, being of sound and disposing mind, memory, and understanding (Praise be to God for the same) Do make this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following that is to say First and principally I give my soul into the hands of Almighty God who gave it, hoping for remission of all my sins and my body I commit to the earth to be decently buried at the discretion of my executrix hereinafter named, and as to such worldly effects which God in his infinite goodness hath been pleased to bestow on me. I give and bequeath, as follows: Item, I give to my sister Ann Alder, of Langwhitnam, in the county of Berks, twenty pounds, and to my sister, Elizabeth Badcock, of Duckelton in the county of Oxford, twenty pounds. Item—I give devise and bequeth unto my dear and loving wife, Ann Pinnell, all my estate, and effects, monies in the public funds, stock in trade, debts and all other my estate and effects whatsoever and wheresoever for and during the term of her natural life, provided my said wife continues my widow, but not otherwise, but in case my said wife should happen to die or intermarry with any other husband which shall first happen, I then give devise and bequeath all my said estate and effects and every particular unto my friends, Mr. Thomas Merrit, and Mr. Richard Moare, in trust for the Child or Children of my son James Pinnell, the younger equally to be divided between them share and share alike all the rest and residue of my estate and effects whatsoever not otherwise disposed of I give and bequeth unto my said wife Ann Pinnell, her heirs and assings for ever and I do hereby confirm the settlement made on my said wife before or intermarry, desiring that all my just debts may be duly paid and satisfied, I do hereby nominate and appoint my said wife Ann Pinnell sole Executrix of this my last will and testament, in witness whereof I have set my hand and seal this twelfth day of April 1771.

JAMES PINNELL, (Seal.)

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the testator James Pinnell, the Elder, as and for his last will and testament in the presents of us who in his presents at his request and in the presents of each other have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto.

WM. LEWIS, of Camberwell,

HENRY L. GOODENOUGH, Mayn Hospital.

This will was proved at London the fifth day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy eight before the worshipfull Andrew Coltee, ducerel doctor of Laws Surrogate of the right worshipful Sir George Hay Knight also doctor of Laws, Master keeper or commissary of the Preogative Court of Canterbury, lawfully constituted by the oath of Ann Pinnell otherwise Pennell Widow Relist of the deseased and sole Executorx named in the said Will to whom adman^y was granted of all and singular the goods, chattels and credits of the said deceased having been first sworn duly to administerator.

(410) Hurdf, (8) Forloys).

P. S., The name of James Pinnell occurs in the dividend book of the South Sea Stock, and the name of Pinnell is very uncomin in this Country.

This Will was an official copy secured through the efforts of Robert Gun (No. 6 Prince of Wales Road, N. W. England. Unclaimed Money and Estates Agency, 516 Oxford street (nere the british Museum) London, England.

In 1874 this will is all we have of the history of the Oldest Pinnell of which we can trace. It shows the forceful charter, broad and liberal views and most devout Christian life of which it is very characteristic of the Pinnell's as the following history will show. The research of the Pinnells may be obtained from the Parrichiall regesters.

History of the Pinnell Family.

December 23rd, 1903,

By Nancy Pinnell, aged 76, and by H. E. Pinnell, Erie, Pa.,
1906-7.

James Pinnell, Sr., and wife Ann were born, lived and died in London, England. They were quite wealthy. Had three sons, James, John and William. James, Jr., the eldest, came to America in 1733, when a young man with a family by the name of Joseph Wright and wife Elizabeth. After some time the said James Pinnell married the daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Wright, October 20th, 1765 (whose wife was a sister of Chief Justice Wright.) His father had willed him the most of his property. When John and William came to America he gave them each 25,000 pounds and said all his other property was for his son James, already in America. James Pinnell, Sr., died about the time the Revolutionary War commenced. His son James was going to England after the estate. After he had traveled some few days he was in the yard of the house where he had stayed all night. He picked up an axe to split a stick of wood and the axe glanced off and split his foot, so he was compelled to stay there a long time before he could be taken home, so before he could start on his trip the war had commenced. He was then not allowed to go to England, so he enlisted in the Revolution and was subjected to it for seven years, more or less, and when he came home some of his children did not know him. He was General Washington's body guard. He was wounded in the shoulder and carried a British bullet to his grave. He died in 1821 at the age of 81 years. His wife died October 9th, 1813, aged 64 years. There were born to them 12 children, 8 boys and 4 girls. They all lived, were married and had families. All the boys were preachers in the M. E. Church except one. I will give you some of the biographies or obituaries.

N. B.—I never heard of one of the name of Pinnell that was a drunkard or gambler, nor one that was sued for a debt, or punished for a crime in any way.

The sons, John and William: we haven't much knowledge of them, only they came to America with their 25,000 pounds as stated.

The Children of James Pinnell Jr. and Wife, Elizabeth.

Joseph Pinnell, born 1767, died 1849.

John Pinnell, born 1768, died 1820.

Miss Lucy Pinnell, born 1773, died 1820.

Jessie Pinnell, born 1773, died 1812.

James Pinnell, born 1777, died 1854.

Miss Nancy E. Pinnell, born 1779, died 1859.

William Pinnell, born 1780, died 1852.

Francis R. Pinnell, born 1786, died 1881.

Miss Francis Pinnell, died 1853.

Miss Patsy Pinnell.

Benjamin Pinnell.

Death of Elizabeth Pinnell.

Transcribed, etc.

A short account of the life and death of Elizabeth Pinnell. Elizabeth Pinnell was born in King George Co., Va., February 2d, 1749. She was educated according to the rules of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Her father, Joseph Wright, being Clerk of the N. Church in Brumfield Parish for many years. She was married October 20, 1765, to James Pinnell, in Culpeper Co., Va. She had such a concern for religion in her early days that she was very conscientious in her life. In the year 1783, she was favored with Methodist preaching and Church privileges. From that time she walked worthy of her vocation, enjoying a justified state, until the year 1810, when she obtained, professed, and enjoyed sanctification, which favor she kept until her death.

She was subject to nervous affections through life, so that her great anxiety for the welfare of her children and others often overcame her, until she professed sanctification. In February, 1813, she was struck with a violent pain in her back, which caused her to fall to the floor. She was confined from that time to her bed, until her death, which was nearly eight months. Her pain was so severe that it distorted her breast-bone, yet she could say that good was the will of the Lord in all things which she might suffer, and true it is, that great suffering often attend great grace. She often desired to have all her children with her at once, and although her eldest son (Joseph) was traveling Monroe Circuit, and her son William was living near Lynchburg, yet providence rolled them together with all the rest of her children, except one son, and his wife came 50 miles to represent him to see her last struggle with pain, and to witness her triumphant death, which was on Saturday, about 1 o'clock, October 9th, 1813. About 38 hours before she departed she called her husband to her, took her leave of him, and then her children and friends, one by one, giving them a parting kiss, and such counsel as their several cases seemed to require. She then composed herself for death and breathed her last without a groan.

She raised 12 children, and saw the youngest one married.* Four of her sons were regularly ordained ministers in the Methodist E. Church, and two others class-leaders. She left but one child who had not professed justifying faith in Christ.

Her funeral was preached by the Rev. James Charles, and her remains interred on Sunday evening before a large and solemn assembly; and it may be reasonably hoped, she will in the Morning of the Resurrection see her children with their numerous train of sons and daughters in the Gospel at God's right hand.

I might in justice to my mother write much more, but brevity on this subject becomes her son.

JOHN PINNELL.

(Haas & Lamb, Printers, Lynchburg, Va.)

Joseph Pinnell, Biography.

First son of James Jr. and Elizabeth Pinnell.

Joseph Pinnell was born in 1767, died in 1849.

Dear Bro. Lee:—It becomes my painful duty to inform you and our readers of the death of our beloved Father in Israel, Rev. Joseph Pinnell, who departed from this life at his residence in Allegheny county, on Sunday, the 14th inst., at 2 o'clock A. M., in his 82d year.

Father Pinnell was born in Culpepper county, in this state, April 10th, 1767. Born again in 1790, when he entered the itineracy, January 1795. Traveled: Tar river, Portsmouth Haw river, Bertie, Cumberland, Camden and Caswell circuits, after which he was stationed in Wilmington. At the close of his time he was appointed to Orange as Supernumary, thence to Bedford and Amherst. From these last circuits he was called by Bro. Seth Meed to fill his place on Richmond District, while he was attending to some temporal business in Georgia. He presided the first year three months, the second nine months and the next two years filled the place of Presiding Elder by the appointment of Bishop Asbury on James River and Meherin Districts, located Feb. 1810. Traveled two years thereafter by appointment of Presiding Elders Wm. Wright and Joseph C. Fry. Married November 18th, 1819, to Harriet, daughter of Matthew and Esther Raghill† By whom he had one child (married a Lynch), who, with her mother, still live to mourn their irreparable loss. From the dates above given you will perceive that the deceased was among the earliest Methodist preachers, a real pioneer in the

*She had 45 living grand children, all which she had seen and 6 great grand children, living in love with her now surviving husband almost 48 years, who is in the 75th year of his age. They had been married more that 40 years before there was a death of one of the family.

†The above is copied from his own writing.

cause of God. His travels were extensive, embracing the largest part of territory now embraced in the Baltimore, Virginia and North Carolina conferences, from the mountains to the sea board. But they were not only extensive but severe. Methodism was then a novelty, its friends were few, its foes were many. Hunger and thirst followed in its train, and those that preached its holy doctrines did so at the risk of their reputation and ease, if not at the risk of their lives. Among this number stood Father Pinnell, who with holy zeal worked for the cause of God regardless of suffering and toil, went up and down preaching the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. For the last twenty-five years, though sustaining a superannuated relation to the Church, he has been traveling our valleys and across our mountains, through Greenbrier, Monroe, Allegheny counties, preaching with most happy success, and it was not until some time last fall that he could be induced to relinquish the work. When he could no longer preach in the congregation he would preach at home around the fireside by holy converse and by holy living. A life thus spent in the service of God is generally crowned with a triumphant death. So it was with Father Pinnell, he lived a life of a Christian and died a Christian death. The last time I was permitted to see him was on New Years' day. He was then feeble and low, yet his skies were clear. I inquired respecting his future prospects, his reply was what to choose, I what not, for I am in a straight betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ which is far better. Such was his dying experience. In it there was no ecstasy or joy, but peace, sweet peace, crowned the whole scene and gave to it its peculiar triumph. In all the relations of life, as husband, father, citizen and friend, he won the confidence and esteem of those that knew him. He was universally beloved, he is universally lamented. Thus let me live, thus let me die.

JOHN W. START.

His wife Harriet was much younger than he. She was alive in 1872 but was very feeble, almost blind. She died some time in the 70's. She was a very pious woman. Her daughter Harriet Lynch lived at Patzcreek, Allegheny county, Va., if living or not. I think they are dead for they were quite aged when last heard of. She was the mother of three children, (she) Harriet Pinnell, lived about 34 years after her husband Joseph Pinnell died.

Life of the Second Son, James Jr. and Elizabeth Pinnell.

John Pinnell was born in 1768. I think he married Elizabeth Hill, daughter of John Hill, all of Culpepper county. Va. He, John Pinnell, was a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church. His travels were extensive in Searah county. Was

much loved and admired by all who knew him. He was a school teacher, his circuit led him over mountain, hills, and vallies, but he was energetic in all he tried to do. They had a large family of children, boys and girls, I cannot tell of all. Lucy was the eldest of the family, and she was married and moved to the State of Indiana, near the Tippacano. She died there. (I do not know the time of her mothers death, but the father died in the year of 1820) They had one son, James, and one George. He was a school teacher, lawyer and surveyor. He went South in Georgia or Alabama, and from there to Texas. He was taken with the yellow fever and died there in the year 1834. The next son Hezekiah-Gruber was a preacher. I do not know the names of the other sons. Daughters Jennete, Synthia, and Nancy Anna. She married William Brown. He died and she married John Bowman of Tennessee. They both died there. I think they had 10 or 12 children. I cannot tell any more of their names nor what became of them. My father had the obituaries of his brother John and wife Mentos of the Methodist Church Conference that he preached and it was left in my brothers house with his library and the house burned and all they had. Father succeeded in getting another book like it. He loaned it to a friend, a preacher, and his house was burned, also the book, so I cannot get another but they were very nice and interesting.

James Pinnell, 3d Son of James Jr. and Elizabeth Pinnell,

Born 1777, Died 1854.

In Barborsville, Cable Co., Va., on the morning of the 6th December, of Diabetes, James Pinnell, in the 77th year of his age. Mr. Pinnell was born in Culpepper Co., Va., and at an early age married Miss Phoeby Boggus, and emigrated to Western Virginia, being the pioneers of that part of the state seen "its wilderness wilds to blossom as the race." He was, for the last fifty years of his life, a member of the M. E. Church, where he maintained a Christian character and was for a long time an acceptable class leader in that church and a preacher for some years in later life. The death bed scene of Father Pinnell was of that character that forbids that any should mourn as those without hope. "As the veteran of Jesus lay on his dying couch he exhorted his friends to meet him in heaven saying "I am prepared to go." He often rejoiced at the approach of death as a kind messenger to release him from his bodily sufferings which were great and had been for a long series of years." By "A friend."

His wife was a devoted Christian. Scarcely seven months after his death she was also called home to be reunited with him in heaven. An extract from a letter says: "Father and mothers funeral were preached by the same man, "Brother William Meconis," the same text, Psalms 71, the 9th verse.

She died at the age of 72, in the year 1854. The funeral was held before a large and sad assembly, words of the text "Cast me not off in time of old age, forsake me not when my strength faileth." One of his choice hymns was:

Former friends, how often I have sought them,
Just to cheer a troubled mind.
But they are gone like leaves of autumn,
Driven before the dreary winds.
When a few more days are wasted,
And a few more scenes are old,
When a few more griefs I have tasted,
I shall rise to fall no more.

To this union were born four daughters, Mary Pinnell, Malitie Pinnell, Armina Pinnell, Francis Ann Pinnell.

MARY PINNELL, married to Thomas Kile, in Barbersville, Cable county, Va. They had five girls and one son. He died about 10 years old. The girls married and I do not know what has become of them. Mary died after the war of the 60's was over. Her husband, Thomas Kile, was an old man at the time of the Civil War as some call it but I disagree. I do not call it civil, I think it was rebellion in the worst form. He was a quiet, good and peaceable man over 70 years old. The rebels came through the town of Barbersville and took him and two other men of his age, and very nice men, and chained them together and marched them to Richmond, Va., and cast them into prison, where Mr. Kile had the smallpox and died. The other two were starved and kept in filth until they could endure it no longer and died also. Is there any forgiveness for such men? I read that the worst men repent and live, I read of some being saved but fail to ever hear or read of these keepers of rebels prisons coming to God and leaving a testimony that they were saved, as much as I read I think I would have heard of one if there were any for I have read all the history of the war and papers and I failed to hear of one repenting.

MALITIE PINNELL, daughter of James and Poebe Pinnell, was born in Barbersville, Cable County, Va. She died before her parents. She was married to Mr. Luther Ritchey. They had one son named David. I think they are all dead. Mr. Ritchey was a hatter by trade. He was a kind and indulgent father and husband. The time of his death was before 1853.

ARMINA PINNELL, daughter of James and Phoebe Pinnell, was born and lived and died in Barbersville, Va. She was married to Mr. Thomas Hatfield. They had two sons and two daughters. She died early in the 50's. He was alive at the time of 1855. Since then he died. They are all buried in the family burying grounds in Barbersville.

FRANCIS ANN PINNELL, the youngest of the family of James and Phoebe Pinnell, was born some time in 1818 I think. She married Mr. Louis Hatfield. They had a family of boys and girls. Some are dead, how many I do not know. My father, mother, brother, and myself visited them in Barbersville in 1855, the children of Uncle James. They are both dead, also two of the daughters. We were at the graves of all with sad hearts. They do not sit up the grave stones erect as we do in the North but are hewn out of large gray stones the length of the grave and 9 inches thick. I will tell you that we went to his house where he lived and died, and to the church and there was his chair he sat in and preached his last sermon in while he sat there. His daughter, Mary Kile, went with us. It has been 25 years since we were there. I think I will close this biography, January 9, 1904.

LUCY PINNELL, daughter of James Jr. and Eliz. Pinnell, was born in 1773. Married to Mr. Wall when young. They had two children, a boy and a girl. Her brother Benjamin was near her own age. I do not know the time of birth.

He married a sister of Mr. Wall. They were building a house and Benjamin was up on the corner notching the end of a log to fit another log, and as Mr. Wall was on the ground below the axe Benjamin was using came off the helve and struck Mr. Wall in the neck near the collarbone. He lived but a short time. He left a wife and two children. He was a quiet good man and a kind husband and father.

Benjamin Pinnell grieved so after his brother-in-law he lost his health and had fits. He did not live but a few years after that. He died in the prime of life. He was much thought of, he was a very pious man and a preacher in the M. E. Church. They mourned at his untimely death but not as those who had no hope.

LUCY WALL, his widow, and sister went to her father James Pinnell and her two children. Some few years after she married Mr. John G. Corran about 1805. To them were born 6 children, 3 boys and 3 girls. James, Joseph, Rachael, Dililah and another sister. Do not know her name and Robert, who still lives at the age of 87 years, in 1844-5. Her son Joseph went to Virginia where his mother lived, in Green Briar County, town of Louisburg. She came home with him to the state of Illinois and made her home with her children in her widowhood. Her son James died before she died, March 4th, 1850. Buried in Elgin county, Ill.

JOSEPH P. CORREN, son of John G. Corren and Lucy, his wife, taken from the Elgin Courier, 1885.

They were pioneers of a recent event of which The Courier then spoke. A friend sends us the following interesting date: "A very happy event was celebrated, being the fiftieth

anniversary of the marriage of Joseph P. Corren and Miss Hannah Tucker, which occurred at their home near South Elgin, October 27th. Mr. Corren came to this region in an early day, before Elgin had an existence, purchasing a tract of land from the government upon which is now located the village of South Elgin. Not long after Mr. Corren arrived in these parts there arrived from Old Virginia, his former home, an attractive maiden with whom he performed a life partnership, and in order that the knot might be properly tied, the blooming couple journeyed to Chicago in a rough lumber wagon, drawn by two yoke of oxen while Robert Connor guided the rustic four-in-hand with a hickory pole.

In due process of time the happy couple were made one, and with happy and hopeful hearts they wended their way homeward. The wedding cake consisted of a huge piece of ginger bread and which no doubt was an article superior to the modern dyspeptic pastry. Their first humble home was a log cabin, fourteen by fourteen, which stood where the William Fuller house now stands, a short distance southeast of Mr. Corren's present home. Although Mr. and Mrs. Corren experienced many what we would call inconveniences, yet they realized truly that "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home," and making the best of circumstances they lived a happy and prosperous life and Providence smiled upon them which we wish could be said of all married couple. Their table consisted of an old chest mounted on rude legs, which also served as a clothes press. A shelf in one corner served as a pantry. Pumpkin pie without milk, corn-meal served into pudding, Johnny cake, etc., comprised the principal living and thus was a happy married life begun.

Very tasty and beautiful invitations summoned the many relatives to attend the observance of the semi-centennial anniversary, and while many at a distance were unable to attend, yet a sufficient number assembled at the homestead to fill the commodious house. Forty-five in all were present. All we believe but three or four were blood relations, four generations being represented. Early reminiscences were talked over, hands that had not pressed each other for many a year came together. The young and robust had grown infirm and wrinkled with the cares of life, the children had grown to be grand-parents. After appropriate ceremonies the friends were called to assemble around the aged couple, were then presented with numerous appropriate and beautiful gifts from the many friends.

The presentation speech was made by Dr. Tuckee of Chicago, after which the couple were then greeted with many "God bless you," and well wishes. Tears of joy and expressions of thankfulness were mingled together. The friends were then invited to partake of a sumptuous repast and many were the comparisons between the present feast and the wed-

ding feast, fifty years ago. After music and singing the guests began to depart, many no doubt never to meet again until they met in "The sweet bye and bye." Thus closed a rare event. All who were present, some from Chicago, some from Michigan and Iowa, and others nearer home, had a pleasant and enjoyable time. May God's richest blessings continue to rest upon this worthy couple in the future as they have in the past, until the God of the harvest shall gather them to himself as sheaves fully ripe and fit for the garden above. "A Guest."

Another pillar removed. The subject of this sketch.

JOSEPH P. CORRAN was born in the state of Virginia, Green Briar county, and town of Louisburg, on June 21st, 1813. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Corran. He remained in his fathers family until eighteen years of age. He then left his home and found a place to work at six dollars per month for four months. He then commenced working for his board and going to school. His entire school privileges consisted of about nine months of common schooling. Such was his estimate of the principle of justice and a good conscience even before he was converted, that he left his home not knowing whither he was going, rather than tend bar and sell intoxicants, as his father kept a public house, and if he remained he must do his share of that work. At the age of eight years he was convicted by the spirit of God that liquor selling was wrong. On January 7th, 1832, under the labours of Wm. H. Enos, an M. E. preacher in Virginia, he was converted. Such were his surroundings that he soon began to neglect duty and lost his experience. He went from Virginia to Michigan and remained there about one year with his brother-in-law. From thence in company with his friends he came to Illinois, reaching Fonriver 29th of April 1835. Five days later he staked out a land claim in the township of Elgin in the suburb of what was later known as the village of Clintonville, and now as South Elgin. The nearest post-office was twenty-five miles distant and the mail was brought from Chicago once in two weeks on an Indian pony. About this time a brother of his and his family came from his native state to Illinois, accompanied by a young lady, Miss Hannah A. Tucker, his intended life companion. Ten days after her arrival, on October 27th, 1835, they were joined in the bonds of holy matrimony in the then incipient city of Chicago. Their wedding tour lasted four days. It was made with two pair of oxen and a Hoosier wagon, with two of his brothers and one of Miss Tucker's in company, to witness the nuptials. At this time there was no one any nearer Chicago authorized to perform such ceremony. Being now married and about to meet the stern realities of pioneer life they united their energies for a successful issue of the undertaking. Beginning with a log shanty, 14x14, for a dwelling they toiled on uncomplaining-

ingly and happy in the midst of what would now be considered the most severe deprivations in life. About three years after coming to Illinois he regained his former religious experience and relationship to God and an M. E. class was organized in his log shanty, of which he and his wife became members. Here he lived in all good conscience before God until 1860, when he obtained the witness to the possession of the grace of entire sanctification. This he retained and testified to up to his death. From his boyhood he suffered more or less physically. Afflictions in his family were multiplied. Two sons had reached the period in life when they were helpful on the farm and he doted on their coming manhood and usefulness. But the heaven of a prospectively happy and prosperous future soon began to be overcast with murky clouds of disappointment. The late rebellion broke out and the eldest son was soon sacrificed on the altar of his country's interest. The only remaining son was soon after released from the conflicts of this world by a pulmonary affliction to join those that had already reached the sunbright clime. Still the father's trust in God was unshaken and his language was: "The Lord doeth all things well." Soon after his marriage he began to give of his scanty means to God and his cause. Sickness and poverty was never offered as an excuse for not supporting the church and gospel. He helped to organize the first religious society and to build the first church in that vicinity. He was very benevolent and from his liberal sowing he reaped an abundant harvest. His religion was of the uncompromising type. He was anti-slavery, anti-rum, anti-tobacco, and anti-secret society to the case. No commercial influence or personal interest could induce him to violate or infringe upon the sacredness of the holy Sabbath. At an early period he put in his protest against the union of the church and the world which was rapidly becoming populous. Because of the innovations made upon the church of his own free choice he left it and helped to organize a Free Methodist Church at Clintonville, which he dearly fellowshiped and gave it his support to the day of his death. By industry, frugality, and honest dealing he secured a competency for the necessities and comforts of his life, both for himself and those he left to mourn his loss. He donated largely to the parsonage property and gave of his means for the church and benevolent property at South Elgin. Highly esteemed by his family, the church and the world he will be missed and his loss deplored by all. He had five sons, all of whom preceded him to Rest. Three of them died in early childhood. He leaves his dear companion and only daughter Cornelia, and her husband, Mr. S. D. Manley and their children to mourn his loss. The termination of his earthly life was caused by catarrhal consumption. In a state of holy triumph and victory with a definite testimony that Jesus was with him he left us for his mansion above, from his home in South Elgin, Ill., on De-

cember 10th, 1889, aged 76 years, 5 months, 19 days. He selected his funeral text from 2 Tim. 14th and 7. His funeral was largely attended, at the church, and his dust now rests beside his children in the Elgin cemetery.

M. V. CLUTE.

In 1881 and 1882, my sister and I remained with the dear family 4 months. There was not an unkind word nor look, all was pleasant and happy as could be. I often live over the pleasant times, enjoyed it much. We were as one family united in relationship. Cousins of the family not forgetting the daughter and her husband and family and other relatives in that vicinity. With much respect, I remain their Cousin,

N. A. Pinnell, from Niles, Mich.

Obituary. Corran: (Hannah Ann Tucker) was born at Roxbury, Mass., May 30th, 1812. In 1835 she was married to Joseph P. Corran in Chicago, Ill. She died at her home in South Elgin, Ill., Jan. 14, 1903, and was buried in the new cemetery at Elgin, Ill., Jan. 16th.

Mother Corran came from the state of Virginia nearly sixty-eight years ago and with her husband settled in Elgin Township at which time there was not one hundred people in all Kane county. Indians of the Fox and Pottawotomie tribes were numerous. Father Corran preceded her to the better world in 1889. They had lived together in happy wedlock 54 years at the time of his death. They were among the first to become identified with the Free Methodist Church, of which church up to the time of their deaths they were strong supporters. Mother Corran was a noble character. Nature had endowed her with a strong physical constitution and she was of sturdy stock spiritually. Her testimony to the specific experience of entire sanctification was always clear and unmistakable. Her passage to the heavenly world was quiet and painless. The writer assisted by her pastor W. P. Farries, conducted the funeral service. The text used was 1. Cor. v., 1 and 6. She leaves one daughter with other relations to mourn her loss.

J. D. MARSH.

ROBERT CORRAN, son of John G. Corran and Lucy, his wife, born April 1st, 1817. He is 87 years old at this writing. He married Miss Maria Edda. There was born to them four girls, Adaline, Mary, and Mrs. Adelia Gilbert, Flora, and one son. He died when a young man. Mr. Corran married a second wife, Miss Anna Thompson, in the fall of 1874. They have one son Miran. They lived near St. Charles, Ill. They have a farm of over 200 acres and keep a dairy farm. His youngest girl died in Compton, Ill. Saturday, June 9th, after a short but severe illness, occurred the death of Miss Flora, daughter of Robert Corran, in the 22d year of her life. The death came as a severe shock to all friends and acquaintances

of the family. But a few days before the deceased was apparently in the enjoyment of the best health, but was stricken down with inflammation of the bowels. In spite of all that constant attention and the best medical aid could do she constantly grew worse until death relieved her sufferings. Miss Corran was a bright, intelligent and companionable girl and embodied all the elements that go to the making up of a noble woman. She was admired, esteemed and beloved by all friends and acquaintances and was the special pet and pride of her family. Her death in the morning of womanhood will be long and sincerely mourned. The funeral occurred on the 10th inst., and was very largely attended. The remains were interred in the Whitney cemetery.

"God's will be done."

(You will find the obituary of Robert Corran, the father of this young lady, further on, as he died later.)

WESLEY CORRAN, a well known and respected citizen died Monday night of consumption, aged 54 years, 5 months, and 21 days. He had been ill for seven years, had hemorrhages and been in frail health, but he refused to give up his work and pluckily stuck to it. Just a week ago he went down to Oaklawn where he had a superintendency, but he was so weak he had to be carried home. Not until then did he take his bed. The deceased was one of the oldest settlers of this town. He was born in West Virginia and came in 1835 when a year old with his parents, Mr. James Corran and Carolina, his wife, to what is now South Elgin. Fourteen years ago he removed to this city. Mr. Corran leaves a wife and three children, one married, Mrs. Edward Hammers, and two unmarried daughters, Bertha and Grace. They have the sympathy of many friends. The funeral will occur at the family residence No. 123 North Gifford Street, at 10 o'clock, on Thursday. Rest to his ashes.

DIED, CORRAN: in Compton, October, 11th, 1870, Maria, wife of Mr. Robert Corran, aged 46 years and 9 months.

And can it be? And is she gone?
And left us weeping sad and lone?
Hark! how we list to catch some strain,
That tells us she is here again,
But no! she'll meet us here no more
Her bark has reached the other shore,
She'll cheer no more our lonely hearth,
She'll join our songs no more on earth.
But oh! in heaven she's far more blest,
She's reached the Christian final rest,
She sings a song of love untold,
She strikes a harp of shining gold.
I see her now arrayed in white,
Roaming the fields with angels bright,

Plucking the never fading flowers,
That decked fair Eden's shady bowers.
The starry crown above her brow,
Is decked with fadeless beauty now,
While palms of victory round her wave,
Proclaim Jesus' power to save.

Addressed to the family.

Mother is dead! that anguished brow,
Is turned to marble whiteness now,
That form so lately wrecked with pain,
Will never wake to life again.
Come children gather around her now,
And seal that oft repeated vow,
Come, kneel around the sacred shrine,
Where a halo of glory seems to shine.
Come gather with the children too,
Ere the loved form is moldering low,
Come pay the tribute of her love,
Till both shall join the hosts above.
Her's was a Christian holy life,
She kept her Christian armor bright,
Her steadfast faith naught could repel,
She fought the Christian warfare well.
She rests in peace so let her sleep,
While for her gain we should not weep,
With radiant hope her wings were spread,
Then mourn her not, she is not dead.
Her spirit, freed from earth's embrace,
Is singing now the song of grace,
She basks in heavenly sunlight there,
Where music fills the upper air.

Mrs. M. B. Perry.

BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. RACHAEL AMICK, died in Chicago, Ill., April 28th, 1878, aged 72 years, 3 months and 23 days. Her maiden name was Rachael Corran, daughter of John G. Corran and his wife Lucy, whose maiden name was Lucy Pinnell. The daughter Rachael, before named, was born in Green Brier county, West Virginia, in 1806. Was married to Jacob Amick in 1825. They both made a profession of religion and joined the M. E. Church. In 1830 the family moved to Michigan. While there she united with the Baptist Church, and remained a consistent member till death. In 1835 they moved to Kane county, Ill. While in Kane county she helped to organize a Baptist Society, at a place called Amick's School house, which is believed to be the first Baptist church organized in that country. After living in Kane county about nine years she moved to Chicago, Ill., with her family, where she has lived most of the time since. During the last years of her life she was an invalid, yet she bore her trials with that patient, uncomplaining spirit, which always characterized her life. Life with her was no idle summerdream but a reality and in all her relations as wife, mother and friend, no duty was omitted that she had the power to perform, no sacrifice presented that she was not willing to make. Her aim was to serve the Master faithfully and well, working for the good of all she met. Her acquaintances will find none whom they will miss more or remember with truer affection. She was left a widow in 1850 and has lived to see her children, three sons and one daughter, grow up and filling useful and honorable positions in life. A few weeks before her death, thinking it might be the last time we should meet on earth, I asked her if all was well. She replied, "Yes, Joseph, all is well. I am just waiting for the boatman to come and take me over." She had her work all done up and gave full directions how and where she should be buried and who should preach her funeral sermon and went so far as to name six men to act as bearers, then asked the doctor how long he thought she would last. He said, not long. She answered him, I am glad. She died in a few minutes without a struggle. May her prayers be answered in behalf of her children.

J. P. CORRAN.

MRS. JANE SHAW, wife of Mr. Joseph Shaw, and daughter of Mr. Jacob and his wife Rachael Amick, died some time in the year of 1880. She was sick a long time. She left four children, the oldest, Ettie Shaw, died in 1901. The hus-

band and children live in Chicago, Ill. His wife had some kind of nervous disease. She was a very fine young lady and much loved by her friends and family.

MR. PLEASANT AMICK, son of Jacob and Rachael Amick, was born in the State of Michigan in 1835. He married a young lady from Elgin, Ill., when a young man. They had three children. One died when young, the other two, a son and daughter, are still living with their mother and mourning his death which occurred July 10th, 1903, in Chicago. He was sick four years, and suffered much with locomotor ataxia, at the age of 68 years. He was a kind and liberal man and all miss him much. He was quite a business man before his last sickness. I have not any particulars of his death, but I know that he was much esteemed by the relation. He has two brothers living.

PATSY PINNELL, daughter of James Jr. and Elizabeth Pinnell, born in Culpepper county, Virginia, married Mr. John Harford. They had one son Henry Harford. He was married and they left three children.

MISS FRANCES PINNELL, daughter of Jas. Jr. Pinnell and wife Elizabeth, was born in Culpepper county, Virginia. She married a Mr. Robert Craig. They had three children. One daughter's name was Sarrah Frances. Mrs. Frances Craig died in 1853, but let us not mourn as those who have no hope, for she left a living testimony that she is gone to rest, for we were informed by the minister, who visited her on her death bed and who preached her funeral sermon, that she died exceedingly happy. Let us, therefore, prepare to go to her for she cannot come to us.

MISS NANCY E. PINNELL, daughter of James Jr. and Elizabeth Pinnell, was born in Culpepper Co., Virginia, on January 8th, 1779. Married to Mr. Abner Settle, on October 24th, 1804. She died September 20th, 1859. Abner Settle was born December 24th, 1778, and died in 18—. There was born to this union 6 children. Four boys and two girls.

JAMES SETTLE, son of Abner and Nancy Settle, was born August 25th, 1805, died in 1845. Left a wife and three sons.

JOEL SETTLE, born May 23rd, 1807, died and left a wife and large family of children.

DIED. At his residence on Laup Creek, Fayette county, West Virginia, April 28th, 1881, Joel Settle, aged 74 years. He leaves an aged widow, several children and many friends to mourn his loss. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for many years and was loved and re-

spected by all who knew him. We tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

MARY ANN ELIZABETH ~~PINNELL~~ SETTLE JOHNSON, was born to Abner and Nancy Settle, on April 1, 1810. She is still living at the age of 94 years. Miss Mary A. E. P. Settle married Mr. John Johnson in 1829. There was born to this union 10 girls. Miss Virginia Johnson married Mr. Amos Boye. They had a son and daughter. Mr. Boye died some time in 1860. His wife and the son and daughter are still living

There died recently in West Virginia a Mrs. Mary Ann Johnson at the age of ninety-five years and seven months. She had ten daughters, nine of whom married and brought up families, and are all living, the oldest at 75 and the youngest at 53. Of children, grand children, great grandchildren, and great great grandchildren, there were living on her 95th birthday, 320. During the last year of her life she cut eight new teeth. She was a happy, contended Methodist for more than 80 years, retained her faculties to the last and died most triumphantly.—Cut from the Wattsburg papers, Erie Co., Pa., Jan. 25, 1906. H. E. Pinnell.

MISS NANCY JOHNSON, married Mr. Caleb Wriston. They have a large family of children, all living at this time.

Third. MISS ELIZABETH JOHNSON, daughter of Mary Ann and John Johnson, was afflicted with consumption, and lived only until the age of 25 years. She was a very pious and devoted Christian girl and was much mourned and lamented by all her friends and neighbors.

Fourth. MISS MELVINA JOHNSON, daughter of John and Mary Johnson, married a Mr. Kincaid, still living with a large family.

Fifth. MISS ELECTA JOHNSON, daughter of John and Mary Johnson, also married a Mr. Kincaid. All living with a large family.

Sixth. MISS LUCINDA JOHNSON, daughter of John and Mary Johnson, married a Mr. Kincaid.

Seventh. MISS AMANDA, daughter of John and Mary Johnson, was married to Mr. Woodrum. All are living so far as I know.

Eighth. MISS SARAH, daughter of John and Mary Johnson, married.

Ninth. MISS MANERVA JOHNSON, daughter of John and Mary Johnson, also married a Mr. Woodrum.

Tenth. MISS MARTHA C. JOHNSON, married Mr. Percy Kincaid. They have a family of children and all are religious, honest children and good citizens, and are very kind to old Mother Johnson, now at the age of 94 years.

I will give you the funeral notice of Mr. Johnson's death from the County paper.

MR. JOHN JOHNSON was born in Virginia, now West Virginia, in 1808, and died at his residence in Fayette county, West Virginia, Jan. 2d, 1882. In early life he joined the M. E. Church and was faithful to his great trust for about 60 years. In 1829 he was united in marriage to Miss Mary A. Settle in whom he found a true help-mate for life. For a number of years he filled with efficiency the office of class leader and Sunday school superintendent, being in the former relation when the Master called him. Father Johnson was a man of good judgment and thoroughly acquainted with the doctrines of the church, and in his death the wife has lost a true husband and the children a kind and loving father, the community a good citizen and the Church a worthy member. He leaves an aged wife and nine children on the shore of time, one other daughter preceeded him to the better land. That was the one spoken of as the third daughter.)
W. KRISTON.

FRANCIS ASBERY SETTLE, son of Abner and Nancy Settle, was born December 23rd, 1812. He was married to Miss Manerva Boetright. There were six children born to them, four girls and two boys. The boys died before their father. The daughters were all married. His wife still lives. He, Asbery, died some time in 1890. He was a true Christian and a prominent man in church and county offices of trust. He is greatly missed in his family and community. He died in Christian faith.

CAMPBELL W. SETTLE, son of Abner and Nancy Settle, was born in Virginia, now West Virginia, on October 28th, 1816. He was married to Miss Patience B. Short. He died some time in 1890. His wife died in 1895. They were married sometime in 1848. They had five children. The first Washington Columbus, 2d, Irene Catharine, 3d, Robert Brooks, 4th, Mark, 5th, Martha Ann Estelle. Three died before their father. He placed tombstones at their graves.

IN MEMORY OF WASHINGTON C., son of C. W. and P. B. Settle, who died May 31st 1878, aged 26 years, 6 months, and 22 days. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright for the end of that man in peace."

IN MEMORY OF ROBERT B., son of C. W. and P. B. Settle, who died August 17th, 1879, aged 26 years, 4 months and 6 days. Valiant in life, victorious in death.

IN MEMORY OF M. ANN E., daughter of C. W. and P. B. Settle, who died July 17th, 1879, aged 20 years, 6 months, and 21 days. "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

One son and one daughter survive them. They were all worthy members of the Church and workers in the same. Mr. Settle was quite a business man, both in the Church and county. He was Secretary of the Board of Education of Kanmouh District for 16 years. If there was ever an upright man he was surely one. We all hope to meet in the sweet bye and bye. His wife, Campbell Settles, widow, died in May 1895.

IN MEMOIRE:—MRS. VIRGINIA JOHNSON, wife of Wm. Johnson, was born April 1st, 1818, and died July 13th, 1897. She was united in holy matrimony December 9th, 1834, with Wm. Johnson, which union was blessed with 8 children, 4 boys and 4 girls. Two of them have preceded their mother to the world beyond. She was a daughter of Abner and Nancy Settle. She united herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church about 1833, and remained a faithful member of the same until her death. She leaves a husband who is in his 87th year, six children and a great many grand and great grand children, one sister and many friends to mourn her loss. The church relationship of Sister Johnson dates back to a time when membership meant labors abundant and an untiring interest in the cause of Christ. She was one of those life-long methodists who were willing to give much of their time and means for the promotion of the cause. To know her was to love her kind hospitality when we came strangers to the community. Her illness was of short duration and free from pain. On Monday evening at 5 P. M., as we were taking our leave, she said: "You will come tomorrow. She was anxious for our return and at 3 P. M. she closed her eyes upon this world to open in the world beyond. Her every want was administered to by kind hands and after we had done all that human aid could do we commended her into the hands of Him, who said: "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

In the beautiful burying ground near her home we consigned her body to its last resting place to await the resurrection morn.

"O! how sweet it will be,
In that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips,
And with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again."

R. G. BACKUS.

(Since the above was written her husband has died of cancer on his face. Mr. Johnson was a nice man and a preacher in the M. E. Church.

MR. WILLIAM PINNELL, son of James Jr. and Eliz. Pinnell, was born in 1780, and died August 1852, at the age of 72 years. He married Miss Susanna Stapleton, of Amhurst county, Virginia. She was born in 1791, and died in 1876 at the age of 85 years. (I have the photo of Wm. Pinnell's wife. H. E. Pinnell, Erie Pa.)

There was born to this union four children, 2 boys and 2 girls. James Wm. Pinnell, son of William and Susanna Pinnell, was born February 19th, 1821. Is living now at the age of 83 years. The girls have died, Martha, Elizabeth and Rebecca Temprence, who was married to a Mr. More.

MR. G. A. J. PINNELL, son of William and Susanna Pinnell was born March 4th, 1833, is living now at the age of 71 years. The boys are both batchelors and are both in feeble health. They live where their father and mother lived and died. They all were pious and religious and those that died left a bright evidence that they were going to rest. The father Wm. Pinnell was a preacher in the M. E. church. He was loved and lamented by his wife and family and friends and also by the church of his choice. He was a very devoted husband and father. They lived and died in Stapleton, Amhurst county, Virginia. They rest from their work and labors. The two sons are thinking their time is short in this life, expecting soon to pass from life to death and to live in the next world where there is no more sickness nor death, no night but where there is always day and where there is no parting. Mr. G. A. J. Pinnell said last week in a letter to me that his father had seven brothers and his mother three brothers, and he never saw but one of his 10 uncles, and that was his father's oldest brother, uncle Joseph. He said he baptised him when he was a little boy and he remembers it well. His uncle was a very devoted Christian.

The end of this family.

Death of James Wm. Pinnell, brother of G. A. J. Pinnell, was caused by burns when his house burned down in 1904.

MR. JESSE PINNELL, son of James^{Jr} and Elizabeth Pinnell, was born October 27th, 1773, died February 3d, 1812, aged 28 years and 3 months. He was married to Miss Julia Morrison in 1808. To this union was born one daughter. Miss Elizabeth M. Pinnell was born in 1809, and was not quite three years old when her father died.

Rev. Jesse Pinnell, of the Baltimore Conference, one of the old pioneers of Methodism, died in 1812. In his short life of 28 years he filled many prominent stations, was loved and admired by all his friends, his church and conference, to which he belonged. He was called the sweet singer of Israel. He was the cause of leading many to forsake their sins and lead a Christian life. His wife was born in Pennsylvania.

JULIA A. MORRISON was born March 26th, 1786, died June 3d 1867, aged 81 years, 2 months, and 14 days. They lived a happy life till death called him home to the glory world. In his ministry he was the associate of a man by the name of Thos. P. McCool, who emigrated to the state of Michigan. He was a missionary in this state as late as 1835. He was connected with him for many years as a close neighbor. He died in the year 1874. He often spoke of Jesse as his boon companion. Another of the same conference members was a man by the name of Jacob Gruber. He was a German by birth and was a peculiar man. Let me digress a minute from my subject. This Rev. Mr. Gruber when a young man had wished to marry Miss Julia Morrison, but said he could not propose while Bro. Jesse was around, for he thought she liked the nice young preacher better than she liked him, and Brother Jesse was younger and more stylish than Brother Gruber, but Bro. Jesse married Miss Morrison and Brother Gruber married another lady. He was a very plain, old fashioned man, but his wife liked to be more stylish than he, but the old pioneers had to move around as they were sent to other places to preach, over mountains and hills and rough roads. So he also had to move and his wife had purchased a new bureau, and they thought best not to move it over the rough roads, so she sold it and said she would buy herself a nice bonnet, so she bought a fosingalle bonnet, called the Jackson stick-up, that is made high in front like the one that Barbara Heck wore to America from Ireland. She was the first Methodist that emigrated to America. The next Sunday after this Sister Gruber went to meeting. It was a quarry meeting, and she put on her new bonnet. When the people were all there and he was almost ready to preach he saw his wife coming, and he started to the door and put both his hands out and said, stand back and let Sister Gruber pass with her puro on her head, and he met her at the door and took her up to the front and seated her and went to the stand to preach. He liked to have the people bring their children to church, but he did not like dogs. When a dog came in he would say, I smell a dog, take that dog out at the door, and the owner would take it out. Some times he would say, I wish you would leave your dog at home and bring your children. With all his peculiar ways he was a good man and devoted to his calling, and accomplished great good. There never was better friends than he and Jesse Pinnell. I will now return to the family of Mr. Pinnell.

ELIZA PINNELL STEVENS.

Death of an estimable lady.—Can man be dead, Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind? He lives in glory and his speaking dust, has more life than half its breathing would.

Again has an impressive morning come to teach us that in the midst of life we are in death. All the ordinary business

of life of one household has been hushed before the power of Him who says of the storm of human passion as he said of the waves of Gallilee, "Peace, be still." Eliza Pinnell Stevens, or grandma, as she was familiarly called, is no more. She has passed over the fatal stream, which can never be re-passed. The vital spark is extinguished, the music of her voice is hushed and cold and silent she sleeps the sleep that knows no earthly awakening. Reverently we acknowledge that dispensation of divine providence, and as we bend in solemn awe we feel within us that there is an immortality beyond the grave. In this assurance we are comforted with the reflection that she died in Christian faith and with Christian hope, and we involuntarily exclaim within ourselves: "May our last end be like hers." The writer has known Mrs. Stevens long and well, and he knows whereof he speaks when he says she was one of those choice Christian spirits which are born Christian, living daily in deep, sweet peace, quietly pursuing and faithfully performing every duty, and shedding a perpetual sunshine of sympathy and cheer on all those around her. Possessing a strong and vigorous intellect a mind well stored with general information, cultured and clear in conversation, having a keen insight into the beauties and excellencies of human nature. It was painful as well as edifying to see her as her mortal remains lay in state in the church to which she was so devotedly attached, in a rich and beautiful casket, and were viewed by a large number of her friends. And as each slowly passed by looking upon the inanimate form the tears which fell from many eyes spoke more fully than words could express, how near and dear a place she held in the heart and affection of all who knew her. She died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Robert Johnson, in this city, on Thursday evening, January 20th, 1881, in the 72d year of her life. She was the widow of Saml. R. Stevens and daughter of Rev. Jessie Pinnell, of the Baltimore Conference, one of the oldest pioneers of Medodism who died in 1812. Mrs. Stevens was married in 1826, and settled near the town of Williamsburg. Mr. Stevens died in the same town in 1854. After her husband's death, she kept house until 1868. After this she lived with her children, two of whom survive her. Mrs. Julian Johnson and Mr. James M. Stevens. She spent her time about equally with each. A few days previous to her death she had been with her son, she expressed a desire to visit her daughter Julia, and to gratify her every wish, was her son's most ardent desire. She was taken to Mrs. Johnson's on the 17th in her usual health, and on the 17th was stricken with paralysis and lived until the 20th, as before stated. Mrs. Stevens had been a most exemplary member of the M. E. Church for 58 years, and a regular subscriber to the Christian Advocate from its first issue in Sept 1826 up to her death. Her last words were, "Precious Jesus." A most sublime ending of a well spent life.

Good bye, dear Grandma, with Jesus you dwell,
To the sorrows of earth you have a farewell,
But this rainbow of hope to the mourners is given,
Hearts severed on earth are united in heaven.

N. B.—Julia M. Johnson is living with her daughter, Mrs. L. P. Wilson, in York, Pa., 150 S. Beaver street, 1907. Mrs. Wilson has two daughters. She is teacher in a kindergarten.

MARY A., widow of Rev. James Stevens, of the Baltimore Conference, fell asleep in Jesus, at the residence of her granddaughter, Mrs. H. C. Weaver, Huntingdon, Pa., March 28, 1877, aged ninety-four years, nine months, twenty-four days. She was born in Baltimore June 4, 1782. She was converted and joined the M. E. church when only thirteen years old, and maintained her Christian integrity to the latest hour of life; was a true pattern of piety, and a way-mark on the road to Zion. She was the daughter of wealthy parents, and every inducement was held out to her that worldly pleasure and fashion could afford; but, Moses-like, she chose rather to suffer affliction and persecution with the plain, and at that time despised, Methodists than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. April 11, 1799, at the age of sixteen, she united in marriage with Mr. John Reigart, and at the age of twenty-five she became the widowed mother of five children, two of which were twins. Remaining a widow for eight years, she united in marriage with Rev. James Stevens, who was then stationed in the city of Baltimore. After their marriage they removed to a farm near Williamsburgh, Blair county, Pa., where they remained for the next eighteen years, when they re-entered the itinerant ranks. At the close of the pastorate at Williamsburgh they retired from active work, and lived with his son, Samuel R. Stevens. In 1859 she again was left a widow, after having lived with her husband for forty-four years. In the early morning hour of March 28, without a murmur or a struggle, she slept the sleep of death, to awaken amid the grandeur and glory of heaven. Mrs. Stevens was a most remarkable woman. Married at the tender age of sixteen; the mother of eight children, two of which were twins; twice a widow, and enduring all the disadvantages and toils of the Methodist itinerancy—she lived nearly a full century. Intellectually, she was a woman of fine, well cultured mind—a great reader, somewhat of a writer, and a musician. Socially, she was kind and pleasant, fond of company, and very entertaining, a model pastor's wife, interested and active in all the enterprises of the Church, visiting the sick, and ministering to the wants of the needy. Every one who knew her felt they had in her a warm friend. Truly, a mother in Israel has fallen! She rests from her labors, but her works do follow her.

J. R. A.
Kc. M. T.

Married: Read—Stevens.—On the 11th insts., at the residence of James M. Stevens, near Petersburg, Huntington Co., Pa., by the Rev. W. Clippinger, Carlton C. Reed, Esq., of Huntington, to Miss Sallie M. Stevens, of Petersburg. Our congratulations are hereby extended to the young couple and unite therewith the hope that they may never have occasion to regret that they sallied forth from the solitude of single life into the blissful realms of matrimony, and that they may read in the beaming countenances of beautiful children the happiness and contentment of parentage. Rushby Williams.

Memorial Notices.—Sallie M. Read, daughter of Samuel and Eliza Stevens and granddaughter of Rev. James Stevens and Jessie Pinnell, was converted and united with the M. E. Church at Williamsburg, Pa., at the age of thirteen, was united in marriage with Carlton C. Reed, in May 1875, and died in Huntington, Pa., August 31st, 1876, aged thirty. She was a most exemplary Christian woman, amiable in disposition, pure in spirit, a true wife, devoted daughter and a sincere lover of the Lord Jesus. She won to her the hearts of all who knew her, and died without an enemy. In happy union with a devoted husband, sainted mother, and the Church of her choice. She lived out her short life here loving and loved and has gone to live forever in holier, happier union with the singing ones of Heaven. The Master said: " 'Tis enough, come higher."

W. A. C.

In Memoriam: SALLIE M. REED. Died: In Huntington, August 31st, 1876, Mrs. Sallie M. Reed, wife of Carelton C. Read, and grand-daughter of the late Rev. James Stevens, widely and favorably known in this state. The writer of these few lines, who knew her long and well, and one who loved and appreciated her moral worth and Christian graces is unwilling that the subject of this sketch should be passed by with but a brief notice of her death. A few short months ago a merry wedding occurred a few miles from the town of Petersburg, Huntington county. Mr. Carelton C. Read and Miss Sallie M. Stevens were united in holy bonds of wedlock. Both were young and hopeful, with every prospect of a long life before them, no cloud of sorrow appeared in the distant horizon to mar their bright anticipations of the unforeseen future. The groom was one of nature's noblemen, honest, genial, free and generous to a fault. The bride was gifted, lovely like a reed, with grace of movement and a rich exquisite voice that still haunts my ear with echo of its remembered music. She was a lady of the purest sentiment and the sweetest disposition. The high and the low, the rich and the poor were equally her friends. 'Tis pleasant in this age of individuality and self-esteem to find a woman like her, who never considers the question of right, is content to vest ambition in another and be simply a wife. She did not live like the lilies of the forest who help not, for she was ever the earnest, active worker for the

"one thing needful," and the good she accomplished in various ways only the recording angel has written. Nothing could exceed the tender care and courtly bearing, and loving kindness of the husband towards her, no one could imagine how the loveliness of her nature was blended with his and filled it with an under song of sweetness. But now, alas, how changed the scene. After a few months of wedded life she passed over the river into the "land of the Seal." But yesterday as it were she was in full life, cold and mute in the coffin today. Yes, the pride of the family, the ideal of her husband and the admiration of her friends, has passed over the dark river through the golden gates and into the Celestial City, inhabited by all just men made perfect. Oh! may not our rapt vision contemplate her there this hour, in sweet communion with the dear friends, who have gone before her. She has passed the fatal stream, which can never be re-passed by mortal. The vital spark is extinguished, the music of her voice is hushed, cold and silent she sleeps the sleep that knows no earthly awakening. Adieu, thee, a last adieu to thee, dear friend, our hearts are melted into sorrow at the thought that thou art gone. Oh! could we have held the hand of the insatiate archer, speeding on so cruel an errand, thou shouldst have died, but would have tarried with us in the full grandeur and loveliness of thy nature. But, dear friend, we loved thee while living, and we will cherish thy memory while life doth last, but we reverently acknowledge the dispensation of divine providence, and while we bend with solemn awe we feel within us that inspiration which teaches us that there is an immortality beyond the grave, and in that assurance we are comforted with the reflection that she died in Christian faith and with Christian hope. No higher testimony could be said of her moral worth and Christian character than was conveyed in the eloquent words of one who knew her virtues well, Rev. B. F. Riddle: "Her's was a life of piety without ostentation, one that was a model for any young lady." Now, when we shall enter that narrow valley through which she has passed before us and which leads to the Judgment seat of God. Oh! may we be able to say through faith in His dear Son, our Savior, in the beautiful language of the dying Christian, dying but ever living and triumphant:

The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens to my eyes, my ears,
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend us your wings, I mount, I fly,
Oh! grave, where is thy victory!
Oh! death where is thy sting!

McF.

Altoona, Pa., Sept. 5th, 1876. This is a letter from a great grand son of Mrs. Lucy Pinnell Carron, and grandson of J. P. Carron, while on the firing line. A letter from the seat of war. Warren E. Manley tells how the American forces are win-

ning victories in the Philippines. Warren E. Manley of Co. B, 1st Colorado Volunteers, writes from Manila under date of March 8th, that the regiment is still on the firing line, and expect to remain in that position for some time. The boys took all of their personal property they could carry when they broke camp the last time. Capt. Carroll informed them that they might never return to the camp again and that it would be a long time at best before they would be able to do so. The natives are plentiful, but were then fighting in a half-hearted fashion in front of the Colorado troops, although the Nebraska soldiers were haying it warm. The Colorado troops were sent March 6th, to re-enforce the Nebraska soldiers and experienced a lively time. Pickets are posted at 300 and 500 yards from the entrenchments and located in trees and shrubbery. There is firing nightly and on the morning of the 7th some of the pickets were driven part way to the fortifications. During the day two of the 20th Infantry were shot, two suffered sunstrokes and several others were carried to the hospital. He says the regulars who have been there but a short time are not fully accustomed to the ground and mode of retreating or advancing, find it difficult to keep up with the volunteers who have been there during the entire campaign and are now almost able to stand all kinds of hardships. The heat of the day and almost continuous night rains are hard on the soldiers, especially as guard duty comes almost every night and it is necessary to strain every nerve to detect the approach of the natives as they crawl through the grass like so many snakes. In the morning the soldier is nearly exhausted and the rays of the sun is sometimes more than human nature can endure under the circumstances. Then there is wood and water to carry, and the drudgery of camp life to go through with. In order to write the letter Manley crept away from camp and got under a couple of bamboo trees to keep in the shade, which is a difficult task. The soldier knows less of the news of the army than those at home, although he can tell many incidents. But six weeks on the firing line has taken the novelty as well as the romance of the first night, but it will remain fresh in the memory of the soldier. The rigid discipline enforced is at first almost unbearable, but when one is brought to realize the benefits of it he takes a great deal of pride in seeing it enforced and in obeying the orders like clock work. The excitement of army life is the principal charm and the thought of having done ones duty well is satisfactory to any great soldier. War is awful and to realize it fully one must have experienced the battles he says. The frenzy, excitement, recklessness and foolhardiness of the soldiers is amazing. He is apparently calm in the midst of the most frightful scenes and those who die are seemingly undaunted and happy to the last. We have advanced on the Philipinos through open fields amidst rain of bullets, stormed through fortifications in showers of lead, yet the God of battle apparently guarded the stars

and stripes and its followers, while the enemy has been mown down like grass before the reaper. Our losses have been small and our casualties slight, which is probably due largely to the poor aim and unsteady hand of the Philipinos, who evidently were over-awed by the superiority of Uncle Sam's boys. There is where the value of discipline and equipment is made evident. The confidence in the ability of officers to lead, together with the feeling that the men are able to conquer, steady the nerves and steel the heart. The enemy attempts to imitate our movements with no success. They attempted to capture a rapid fire gun by charging down the road in a solid column of fours. The gun they were after shot 900 shots a minute. It was turned on the column and you can imagine the result. The charge is a standing joke in the army. When we go after them we act as skirmishers, two paces or six feet apart, then when the command "charge" comes, we go at them yelling like Indians, they stand still a minute, cease firing and then run like sheep. General King started part of a company for a fortification and then fearing they were not equal to the charge, attempted to stop them. They discovered his purpose and broke into a run, howling like Indians, until they went over the breastwork into the fortifications. As they disappeared he yelled at the remainder of the troops, "There go American soldiers! All h—ll can't stop them!"

Do the people know how well we treated the natives here and how shamefully they took advantage of it and tried to kill us with the guns and ammunition given them by Uncle Sam? At the close of the war with Spain they were starving. We fed them, the soldiers contributing a good share of their wages to assist. When their stomachs were full they demanded equipment for the army and they got it. Then they grew haughty. They did everything they could to provoke war, but it was a last resort with General Otis. There was no other way out. They are treacherous and have all the characteristics in war of the North American Indian. He speaks of having met the bunk mate of Robert Alcott in a California regiment, that is in the trenches near the Colorado boys.

Obituary of Robert Carron.

ROBERT CARRON.—Robert Carron, whose death at his home in Campton, aged 87 years, was noted in the News last night, was one of the earliest settlers of Kane Co., Ill., and has resided on his home farm for sixty-nine years. He and his older brother, Joseph P. Carron, who resided near South Elgin for many years, drove a yoke of oxen from Virginia to Illinois in 1835. They assisted in the removal of the Indians to the west of the Mississippi after the Black Hawk war, and thereafter devoted themselves to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. Both owned farms as fine as any in Kane County. Robert Carron was twice married, first to Marie Eddy, and after her death in 1871 to Anna Thompson. He is

survived by Mrs. Carron and his children, Mrs. Geo. Gilbert, of Oelein, Iowa, and Miss Adeline Carron, Miss Mary and Robert Maron Carron, who reside at the family home in Campton township. Mr. Carron was the type of a man who developed this country. His industry was unremitting, and a certain rugged honesty characterized all his dealings which caused him to be known to his neighbors as Honest Bob Carron. He was a life long member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and gave to the denomination the land on which the Campton church edifice stands, and you will be safe in saying he paid the most of what the church cost. He died February 8th, 1904.

MR. FRANCIS R. PINNELL, son of James Jr. and Elizabeth Pinnell, born April 19th, 1786, at old Jamestown, Virginia. He was educated in Virginia, graduated when 21 years old, and went to Green River and taught school. There he became acquainted with a young lady by the name of Elizabeth B. Linegar, daughter of Isaac and Rebeca Linegar. She was born in Bath county, Virginia, July 28th, 1788. They were married May 10th, 1809, Greenbrier county, by Rev. John Pinnell. To this union were born 8 children, 4 boys and 4 girls. The oldest daughter, Rebeca L. Pinnell, was born September 25th, 1810. As the parents were both members of the M. E. Church they had this girl baptized in the same church. She was baptized by Rev. Jos. Pinnell. Cyrus Hinchman and Rebecca Pinnell were married the 30th day of June, 1829, by Rev. Zachariah Connell. She died Sept. 11th, 1862, aged 52 years.

MR. F. R. PINNELL was a very influential man and was always ready to help anyone who was in want. He helped to build churches and school houses. After emigrating to Michigan, he helped to build ten churches near his home in different localities. He raised all his children. There was not a death in the family till 1862. The daughter Rebeca L., referred to before, died when she was fifty-two years old. He lived in this vicinity except one year he spent in Indiana, from 1835 until his death, which occurred on the 30th of August 1881, at the age of 95 years, four months, and eleven days. His sickness was catarrhal consumption. Was confined to the house for two years, but was poor in health for years. He was submissive and patient till the last in his old age and retained his senses till a few hours before his death.

Following are the names of his children:

Rebeca L. Pinnell, born 1810, died 1862.
Delilah W. Pinnell, born 1812, died 1896.
Isacc A. Pinnell, born 1814, died 1890.
Wesley M. F., born 1817, died 1887.
Lucinda C. Pinnell, born 1818, still living.

Samuel F. Pinnell, born 1820, still living.

Thomas C., born 1825, died 1863.

Nancy A. Pinnell, born 1827, died 1906.

(Thomas C. is the father of H. E. Pinnell.)

I will give you some clippings from the Niles paper:

Family Reunion—On the 19th inst., the children and grand children met at the residence of Mr. F. R. Pinnell, in Berrien township, to celebrate the anniversary of his 90th birthday, and the occasion was enjoyed by all after partaking of the good things prepared for the occasion. We listened to a brief sketch of father Pinnell's pioneer life, which was very interesting. He has been a resident of Berrien township over 40 years. Has voted at every election since Thomas Jefferson was elected President of the United States. He had four sons and nineteen grandsons that voted the Republican ticket. His mind is fresh and vigorous as in his youthful days. He says his only earthly wish is to live to vote for Schuyler Colfax for President.

Another Clipping.—Mr. F. R. Pinnell, living on Pucker street, four miles from this city, celebrated his 91st birthday on Tuesday last. Many of his relatives were assembled on that occasion, all having had a very enjoyable time. Mr. Pinnell assisted in unloading two loads of wood at this ripe old age.

Another Clipping.—The Pinnell family of Pucker street met on the 10th inst., of May 1876, to celebrate the 68th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Pinnell, at that time all of the children were living but two, one daughter and one son. All enjoyed the occasion very much and were thankful that their parents were spared to them so long.

Niles Democrat, Niles, Michigan, Saturday, September, the third, 1881. Mr. Francis R. Pinnell, of Pucker street, one of the oldest citizens of this county, died on Tuesday last, in the 96th year of his age. Mr. Pinnell was one of the early pioneers of this country and always took a prominent interest in the early enterprises of the county and held several offices of public trust during his life. For the past two years has not been off his bed only when lifted off to arrange the bed. He was a highly respected member of society and had many true friends.

The Republican.—Niles, Thursday, September 1st, 1881. Mr. F. R. Pinnell, an old resident of this vicinity, and the oldest man in the county, died at his residence on Pucker street, five miles north of this city, on Tuesday last. Mr. Pinnell was in the 96th year. Having celebrated his 95th birthday on the 19th of April last. Mr. Pinnell has been but little known of late years outside of his neighborhood. The infirmities of old age keeping him indoors much of the time, but years ago he was widely and well known and took a prominent part in public affairs. He was at one time county surveyor, and held also

other places of trust. He was universally esteemed as an honest and good citizen.

Niles Mirror, D. B. Cook, editor, Wednesday, September 7th, 1881. Death came at last to the venerable old pioneer, Francis R. Pinnell, who for many years has been a resident of Pucker street. The lamp of life went out on Tuesday morning last at the ripe old age of 95 years, 4 months and 11 days. Mr. Pinnell has filled various positions of public trust in his day and in all public and private transactions no man could be more just and honorable.

Obituary.—Francis R. Pinnell, one of the pioneers of this county, died at his home in Berrien township, on Tuesday, August 30th, 1881. Aged 95 years, 4 months, and 11 days. He was a native of Jamestown, Virginia, and emigrated to this county in 1835. His father, James Pinnell, Jr., was an Englishman by birth, and formerly a resident of the city of London, England. His father emigrated to this country when a young man in about 1733, and settled in Jamestown, Virginia, and served seven years in the revolutionary war, and belonged to General Washington's body guard. F. R. Pinnell, the subject of this notice, was educated at Stanton College, Va., joined the M. E. Church in 1800, and received a license to exort in 1803. He had seven brothers, of whom five were licensed preachers in the M. E. Church. He was the father of eight children, four sons and four daughters. All are living, except the youngest son, Thomas C. Pinnell, who enlisted in the army and died in a hospital in 1863 in Tennessee, at Lagrange, was buried on the 8th of February 1863. Mrs. Rebeca L. Hinchman, the eldest daughter, who died on the 11th of September 1862. His wife died August 31st, 1877. He has taught over 60 terms of school, and sixteen consecutive years in one place. He was expert in mathematics and an excellent penman. In early manhood as a live citizen he took considerable interest in local politics, and while in Virginia he served as sheriff of Logan county for four years and judge of the court of the same county for several terms. He belonged to the Lighthorse Co. under Col. R. Buckley, during the war of 1812 and was discharged at its close. In this county he held the office of county surveyor, school inspector, township clerk, justice of the peace and assistant surveyor of the Michigan Central R. R. from Niles to Michigan City, besides other offices of minor importance. He cast his first vote for Thomas Jefferson for president, and had voted at every presidential election since, except the last one, and for 75 years only missed three township, county, and state elections. He always entertained an opinion of his own and never feared to do what he thought to be right, or express his political or religious belief, and was always conscientious and benevolent as far as he was able. For the past quarter of a century he seemed to put aside his cares and anxieties that are incident to this mundane sphere and not caring for sublunary glory, but rather looking forward

to a glorious immortality with bright anticipations, accompanied by a blessed assurance of a blissful inheritance beyond.

For many years he belonged to the Methodist Church, but for over 26 years previous to his death, he was a regular licensed preacher in the United Brethren Church. Through 81 years of Christian life, he having been converted at the age of 15 years, he never had reason to doubt the religion of Jesus Christ, or the reality of his conversion.

When he was 94 years old, in conversation with his nephew, Joseph P. Corran, he remarked with regard to death, that he felt sure he should never die, but should in the Lord's appointed time just pass over the river of death and live forever. As he neared the close of his life and as he stepped down into the cold waters of death, he could exclaim with the Psalmist: Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. F. Bartmess, of Buchanon, Mich., of the United Brethren Church, from the following text: "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." A large concourse of people assembled to pay their last tribute of respect to the old pioneer, one they had known long and well. His remains were interred in the cemetery at Morris Chapel. Peace to his ashes. Niles Weekly Mirror, and the Telescope, please copy the favorite hymn of Mr. F. R. Pinnell, it is too good to be lost, by giving it a place in your valuable papers many will see it for the first time. W. W. Stringer, Claytonio, Ohio, Feb. 10th, 1850.

Spiritual Song.

Hail, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
Learn with me your certain doom.
Learn with me your fate to-morrow,
Dead perhaps laid in the tomb,
See all nature fading dying,
Silent all things seem to morn,
Life from vegetation flying,
Calls to mind the moldering urn.
Lo in yonder forest standing;
Lofty cedars; how they nod,
Scenes of nature how surprising,
Read in nature, nature's God.
While the annual frosts are cropping,
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So our friends are yearly dropping;
We are like to one of these.
Hollow winds around me rearing,
Noisy waters round me ride,
While I sit, my fate deploring,

Tears fast streaming from my eyes,
That to me is autumn's treasure,
Since I knew no earthly joy;
Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,
Time with health and youth destroy.
Former friends how oft I've sought them,
Just to cheer my troubled mind,
Now they are gone like leaves of autumn,
Driven before the dreary winds.
When a few more scenes are o'er,
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall fall to rise no more.
Fast my sun of life's declining,
Soon 'twill set in endless night,
But my hopes, pure and reviving,
Rise to fairer worlds of light.
Cease this trembling mourning, sighing,
Death shall burst this sullen gloom,
Then my spirit fluttering, flying,
Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

Obituary of Mrs. Elizabeth Linegar Pinnell, Wife of Francis R. Pinnell.

"From Pucker Street," Editor Republican.

The hurry of seeding time is over, and we again take time to get you a few items. Since we last wrote, sickness and death has been in our midst, taking two of our most estimable neighbors, Mrs. Elizabeth Pinnell, and Mrs. Charlotte Harger. The former died August 31st, aged 89 years, one month and 3 days. She and her companion, who survives her, have lived together 68 years, longer perhaps than any other couple in this county. She with her husband and children emigrated from Virginia to this state in 1835, while it was a territory 16 years and 6 months ago. She was stricken with a stroke of palsy and was quite helpless ever after. In old age as well as in early life she was obedient to the commands of the Saviour, exemplifying a sincere and humble Christian life and during her almost unprecedented sickness never indulged in a single murmur or complaint. The funeral took place from the Morris Chapel, conducted by Rev. J. Slonecker, of St. Joseph, Mich.

Mrs. Elizabeth Pinnell, of Berrien township, died on the 31st of August last, aged 89 years, one month and three days. She was born in Bath county, West Virginia, July 28th, 1788. She was married to Francis R. Pinnell, in West Virginia, May 10, 1809, and they lived together sixty-eight years, one month and three days and raised four sons and four daughters, one son and one daughter died. They lived together 53 years before there was a death in the family. Mrs. Pinnell was

helpless from a severe stroke of palsy for nearly 17 years before her death. Mrs. Pinnell joined the Methodist Church in 1800, but for the last 22 years she belonged to the United Brethren Church, and was a devoted Christian, a kind and indulgent mother, and universally esteemed by all who knew her. Previous to her death in conversation with friends she said she was prepared to go any moment, and longed for the hour to come when she could meet her Redeemer. Six ministers attended the funeral at the M. E. Church. (Morris Chapel), and the sermon was preached by Rev. J. Slonecker of the United Brethren Church, from Luke xvi, v. 22: "And it came to pass that the poor man died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom; the rich man also died, and was buried." All the aged and old settlers for miles around that were able were present at the funeral. Mr. Pinnell, her husband, was born in Jamestown, Va., April 19, 1780, his father James was one of General Washington's body guard, was with him during the revolutionary war and carried a British bullet in his shoulder to his grave, in 1821. Mr. Pinnell, while in Virginia filled almost every office from judge to justice. In this county he has been county surveyor, justice, town clerk, school inspector, etc. He was assistant surveyor on the Central Railroad from Niles to Michigan City. He will be 92 years old next April. He is nearly blind, but hearing acute and memory unimpaired, is good in figure as ever, and can write well but not on a line. He has 38 grand children and 35 great grand children, and four of the fourth generation, eight of the grand children and one of the fourth generation is dead. There are living with him two daughters, Miss Delilah and Miss Nancy, and he will pass the balance of his days not alone but lonely with his now lost companion.

Written by D. B. Cook, Editor of Niles Mirror.

A few extracts from letters.—September 2, 1877. Dear Nephew, I received your postal last night, 31st of July; also one from N. on the 29, giving news of mother's sickness and probable death, as you say at 1 o'clock she is dying. This is sad news for me, you may be sure. It is now too late for me to see her, as it is impossible for me to get there, if I could leave home. I cannot leave home on account of Thad's health, accept this from your uncle in trouble. I. A. Pinnell. Write soon.

Boonville, Mo., Sept. 9th, 1877. Dear sister. This will inform you that I have received your letter of Sept. 5th, giving the sad account of the death of our blessed beloved mother. We can well say "beloved," for never was a family blessed with a better or kinder mother and companion, and she has been spared to us indeed many years, whilst our loss has been great, yet this has been a gain without price, and as a sheaf of wheat, fully ripe, has been gathered in the garner of the Lord

as fit for the kingdom of heaven, and we, her children, rise up and call her blessed, whilst we cannot reflect on our loss without shedding tears of sorrow; but when we are reminded of her past life and fixed hope of heaven we must dry up our tears, for the scripture says: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." But notwithstanding it is very, very sad for me, being unable to see her in the last days in this world, but hope to meet her in the better world. This leaves us all well, except Thad., he is no better. I hope father is better. Dear father, I hope you are better than when Nancy wrote me the 5th. Your loss in the death of mother is indeed great as ours is, but remember, God has permitted you to journey together in this life many years, and by the course of nature he will not separate you long, and as all of your children are fast ripening with old age, we will soon follow and finally meet in the better land, I hope. Your son, I. A. Pinnell.

Boonville, Mo., Sept. 11, 1881.—My dear brother and sisters.—With a trembling hand and an aching heart I address a few lines to you, acknowledging your card, giving the news of the death of our dear father. I could not sooner bring myself to this duty. You cannot think how I felt when I read that card, but when I consider aright, what was our loss was his gain, as I have no doubt our sainted mother, clothed in garments of pure white, stood ready to welcome him in heaven. What a glorious meeting—although they lived long and happy together in this life, liable to be separated at any time. Whilst we may mourn, yet we can rejoice, with a sure hope in their perfect happiness in the presence of our saviour. Give me more minute account of father's death and funeral. Your loving brother and family. I A. Pinnell.

Boonville, Oct. 2d, 1881.—Dear Sisters.—This leaves all of us enjoying our usual health. I received yours containing an account of father's last hours and burial. I have no doubt of his acceptance in the presence of the alwise Judge in union with our sainted mother, sister and brother, who awaited his coming; but I have no doubt you feel lonely since his death. I suppose you are yet keeping house and intend to do so. I should be very sorry to hear you did not continue in the old homestead. I should have liked to visit you in father's and mother's lifetime but could not endure the thought of the separation on leaving. Accept this from your loving brother and family, to D. W. and N. C. Pinnell. I. A. Pinnell.

Pierson, Mt. Calm Co., Mich., Sept. 5th, 1877 —Dear father and sisters.—Yours of the 1st received, I am sick, was not able to sit up. If I had been able I certainly would have come, and it was well you did not telegraph; but you have my greatest sympathy in this sad loss of dear mother. My children unite with me in love and grief of the one that has gone to a better world. I know what it was when my dear

wife was taken from me by the hand of death in 1862.

I will come to see you as soon as I am able to. You said father was very sick. I think I am a little better. If father dies, telegraph to me, in care of Electa, and Elmer will bring it to me and she will come with me. Your son-in-law,

Cyrus Hinchman.

Lead City, Dakota Territory, September 16th, 1881.—Dear Sisters.—I can truly say, I deeply sympathize with you in your bereavement. I have went through the same, and none but those that have had the trial can truly know our sorrows. I got your letter 20 minutes since that conveyed the sad intelligence of father's death, and why I answer so soon, I don't know how long I will stay here. I may be here two or three weeks. When I come home I will come to see you all. Give love to all the friends. Yours truly, to D. W. and N. A. Pinnell.

CYRUS HINCHMAN.—This son, C. F. Hinchman, died of typhoid fever, sick nine days, buried at Coral, Mt. Calm Co., Mich. Funeral by the United Brethren preacher, Rev. King. He died Oct. 26, buried 28th.

Obituaries of the Children.

REBECA, the oldest sister, married Cyrus Hinchman. There were born to them eight children, six girls and two boys, that lived to marry. There were two or three that died in infancy. Following are the children: Harriet, Elizabeth, Cambysus, Delila Mero, Mary E., Lucinda, Nancy Melvina, and Ed. E. The oldest, Harriet, married a Mr. Sargent. He went to California; he was making money to send for her and their three children, as they were married January 18th, 1849, and in 1856 he was drowned in California. She was married again in 1859. His son, the eldest, died of fever in 1862. The two girls are married, and their grandchildren make the eighth generation from great-grandfather Pinnell of England. The second daughter, Elizabeth, married in 1850; she is living at the age of 72; she raised five boys and 2 girls, all living in California or Oregon. Her husband was killed in the fall of 1862. She was left to care for all of those children. He was digging in a bank to make a mill-race and it caved in on him and he died in a short time after they got him home, near Three Oaks, Michigan. The son of Mr. and Mrs. Hinchman was born in Logan County, West Virginia, January 31st, 1835. He was married to Miss Eunice Veach, January 18th, 1856, at the age of 21 years. His name was Cambysus Francis Hinchman. There was born to this union four girls. He died October 26th, 1872, at the age of 38 years, 9 months. His wife lived 20 years after he died. The third girl died in May 1884.

MISS HATTIE HINCHMAN departed this life, on the morning of the fourth inst., of typhoid-pneumonia, at the residence of Mr. James Groat, of Niles township. The subject of this notice was a daughter of Cambysus F. Hinchman, deceased, formerly of Berrien township, Mich. He had moved to Pierson, Mich., where he died of typhoid fever in 1873, as above stated. At the time of her demise she was in the 18th year of her age; she was a young lady of amiable disposition, kind, modest, and gentle in her manners, ever willing and ready to do a kind act, and beloved by all who knew her. A few weeks ago, while visiting friends at South Chapel in Cass county, she attended a revival meeting, held at that place, and consecrated her heart to her God, and left a bright and unmistakable evidence of peace with her Maker. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. Hoyt, of Pokagon, at Morris Chapel, on Sunday at 10 a. m. A large concourse of friends met to pay their last tribute of respect to the deceased. Just at the beginning of the ceremonies a telegram was received from the griefstricken mother to hold the body until the following day. The request being complied with, the remains were held in state until Tuesday morning, when all that remained of a nice bright and happy girl, was consigned to the narrow limits of the tomb in Morris Chapel cemetery.

Strew her grave with pretty flowers,
Place a marble at her head,
While she calmly, sweetly slumbers,
In the City of the Dead.

MISS DELILA MERO HINCHMAN, daughter of C. and R. L. Hinchman, was born in Berrien county, Mich., Feb. 7, 1837. She was a kind and modest young lady, loved by all who knew her. She was married to Mr. Willis, of Berrien county, Mich., February 1859. They were blessed with two children, a girl and a boy. The father enlisted in the winter of 1862, in the late war. In the battle of Shilo he was taken prisoner and carried to Dalton, Georgia, to a rebel prison and starved, as none but a rebel had the heart to do. He was taken with typhoid fever and died the 8th day of June 1862. She, the wife, mourned and grieved as none but a wife and mother that was possessed of a loving heart could. She had the children to care for, in the fall of 1862 she had the typhoid fever, and never had good health after that. She had consumption and died at her father's house, in Berrien township, Mich., February 1864, at the age of 27. The funeral was preached by the Rev. J. Surran, of the United Brethren Church, of which she was an acceptable member. She was buried at the Morris Chapel cemetery, where a large concourse of relatives and friends met to pay their last respects to a devoted daughter and sister. The two children still live to mourn and think of a dear mother gone from their embrace.

5th—MISS MARY E. HINCHMAN, daughter of Mr. C. and R. L. Hinchman, was married to J. D. Surran, in 1857. They have a large family of children. She is a very industrious and diligent woman. They live in Jackson county, Oregon. Their children are all married and doing well so far as I know and all living but one.

6th—MISS LUCINDA, daughter of Mr. C. and R. L. Hinchman, was born March 17th, 1853. She was a very nice young lady, loved by all. She was a kind and obedient child. She was married to Mr. William Pearson, at Pierson, Mt. Calm county, Michigan, 1871. They had two little girls. They moved to Nebraska, the oldest one died Sept. 5th, 1877, at the age of six years, of the Dakota fever in the Black Hills. The father and mother are in Santa Barbara county, California. They like the place very well and have a good home. She is a great worker in home and church.

7th—NANCY MELVINA, daughter of Mr. C. and R. L. Hinchman, was born Aug. 2d, 1846. Was married at Three Oaks, Mich., 1861, to Mr. Miner Marble, a preacher of the Protestant Methodist Church. In 1862 he enlisted in the civil war, and stayed until honorably discharged. This union was blessed with six children. They went to Nebraska and lived there until the youngest child was nine years old. They went to Santa Barbara, California. The eldest girl died and Mr. Marble and the third girl all died in nineteen month's time, so she is a widow, and her children are all married but one.

8th child was a boy—E. E. HINCHMAN, son of C. and R. L. Hinchman, born April 1852. He was a carpenter and millright; he was ten years old when his mother died, in 1862. He went to Pierson, Mich., when a young man. He learned his trade and then went to Washington Territory, and all up and down the coast, and built ships in a number of places. He was married at San Francisco about seven years ago. He had two children. He was taken sick with locomotor ataxia, was a great sufferer. He was so sick that his sister, Mrs. Pearson, and Mrs. Marble, went from Santa Barbara to San Francisco to see him. They thought he was going to die; after they were there a week he was some better and wanted to go home with them. It was in the year of 1900. They took him and his wife and two children home with them. They stayed with Mrs. Marble until spring, then went to Mrs. Pierson's. He could not walk a step, had to crawl on his hands and knees, and on the 7th of June 1901 he died. His wife stayed until fall with his sister's. She then went to her home on the coast of California.

Funeral notice of Mrs. Rebeca Hinchman.—She was the daughter of Mr. F. R. and E. Pinnell, born September 25th, 1800, married to Cyrus Hinchman, June 30, 1829, by Zachariah

Connell. Died Sept. 11th, 1862, of typhoid fever, after three weeks sickness, at her daughter's, 10 miles from her home in Berrien Township, Mich. She was brought home to her father's house. On the 13th, Saturday, they came to Morris Chapel. Her husband had been sick, they sat him in a chair and carried him in the church, and the children went in with him. The pall bearers took the coffin in the wagon to her father's house so her mother could see her, as she had a stroke of palsy, and could not sit up, nor move her right side. One brother and sister went with the bearers, and when the coffin was set by the side of the bed the mother was raised up a little. When the coffin was opened she put out her left hand and laid it on her face. She said: "Oh my baby, my dear baby, I must give you up." She moved her hand to the undertaker to close the lid. The pall bearers took the coffin out and went back to the church, 75 rods. She was a member of the Methodist Church. The funeral was preached by the Rev. Kellogge. Her husband and all the children and all the neighbors went to see her consigned to the home of the departed ones of this life, in the cemetery at Morris Chapel. Her husband lived 20 years after her death.

Death of a Pioneer.—Mr. Cyrus Hinchman, a former resident of Berrien township, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. J. C. Runkle, in Pine Stone township, on the 14th of Aug. 1882. The immediate cause of death was abscess of the liver. The subject of this sketch was a native of Monroe Co., West Va., and at the time of his death was in the 78th year of his age. He emigrated to the territory of Michigan in 1835 in company with his father-in-law, F. R. Pinnell, and located on section 14 in Berrien township, and at the time was the most extreme northern settler in the township. He resided in Berrien township until 1865, having lost his companion in 1862. About this time he removed to Detroit for a short time and subsequently settled in Mt. Calm county, in this state, where he purchased pine and farming lands, from which he received quite a revenue, but of late years he has been engaged in developing a silver mine in Virginia, in which he was financially interested. He was known as the Cancer doctor, having been successful in quite a number of cases in curing this disease. He was a good citizen, a quiet and unobtrusive man, genial in his manners, always respecting the opinion of others, and was respected by those that knew him best. He served for several consecutive terms as justice of the peace and school inspector, and in 1844 and 1845 was elected township clerk of Berrien. Each of the public trusts he was called to fill he did it with credit to himself and satisfaction to those he served.

MISS DELILA W. PINNELL, daughter of Mr. F. R. and E. Pinnell, was born Nov. 2, 1812, in Giles county, Virginia. She was converted and joined the Methodist E. Church

in her 13th year of her age. She was very devoted to the church and was a worker in family and spiritual affairs, and lively with friends and neighbors as well as in church duties and family devotions, was kind to the sick and had always a hand ready to help. Those in want never were turned away. In family worship she always said, Lord be with us this day in keeping us from harm.

From the Niles Daily Sun, Tuesday, August 25, 1896.—Aged Settler Died.—Miss Delila W. Pinnell passed away in Berrien township, this morning. Miss D. W. Pinnell, aged 83 years, 9 months, 25 days, and a resident of Berrien township over 60 years, died at early sunrise this morning, at her home, six miles north of Niles. Miss Pinnell resided alone with her aged sister. The cause of death: old age and catarrhal consumption. The deceased was probably one of the best known residents of Berrien county. The place where she died has been the house of her and her sister for many years. The aged lady was a devoted Christian, had noble traits and was beloved by all who were fortunate to claim her acquaintance. The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock, at Morris Chapel, and the interment will be at the same place. Miss Pinnell was an aunt of Cyrus B. Groat, of this city.

Niles Mirror, August 25th, 1896.—Miss Delila Pinnell, long a resident on Pucker street, died this morning at 5 o'clock. She was born in Virginia in 1812, and came to Michigan over 60 years ago with her parents. She leaves a sister, who has been her faithful attendant during her illness of four years or more. Her father, who died several years ago, was a prominent citizen of this county. The two sisters have lived many years together and they were beloved by all who knew them for their real Christian characters, their old Virginia hospitality and universal character. D. B. Cook, editor.

Obituary.—Pinnell—Miss Delila Pinnell was born in Giles county, Virginia, and died August 25th, 1896, aged 83 years, 9 months, 25 days. She was converted when 13 years old and lived an earnest Christian life for almost seventy-two years. In 1835 she came with her father's family to Berrien county, Mich.; 1852 she joined by letter from the M. E. Church the United Brethren Church at Franklin Class, Berrien Circuit, where she remained a faithful member to the last. She was blessed with a long life. Her last years were those of affliction, yet her faith failed not, and she was ever looking beyond them to a happy release when she would be forever with the Lord. She said a few days before her death that some one was praying for her to live, and she said, she hoped they would not ask to have her stay any longer in this suffering world. Funeral by L. A. Oyler, from the Religious Telescope, Dayton, Ohio. Mr. L. O. Oyler was the United Brethren minister on this charge, Berrien Circuit, Mich.

MR. ISAAC A. PINNELL, son of F. R. and Mrs. E. Pinnell, was born in Giles county, Va., Nov. 2, 1814. He came with his parents to Michigan September 25, 1835. After he helped to build a log house on the homeland in November he went to Niles to learn the carpenter trade. He was quite diligent and quick to learn; he became a grand workman, and was married to Miss Mariah C. Bush, in February 1842. The mother-in-law lived with them, as she was a widow and had two sons. They all lived with Mr. and Mrs. Pinnell. 1859 he went on the Michigan Central railroad to build their workmen's shanties and superintended the work. He went mostly to Detroit and came back and from Niles to Michigan City, and to Morris, Illinois, to Princeton, to Galva and Galesburg, he lived several years there, then at Boonville, Mo. There were born to them two children, a daughter and one son, while in Niles; will speak of them later on. He was quite a hand in making models for patent rights and very successful in his work.

Clippings from the Boonville Advertiser.

Of all the school exhibitions of the year probably the closing exercises of Miss Josie Pinnell's Select School were the most entertaining and interesting. Miss Pinnell has a school of about twenty younger children and has devoted much time and care to teaching them the primary branches. Her success in instructing the little folks has been excellent. Friday morning a number of friends and patrons of her school assembled to see and hear the closing exercises. They consisted of examinations in various studies, dialogues, recitations, essays, music, etc. The meeting of the Chatter-box Library Society, of which Gertie Koontz was president, was a pleasant feature of the exercises, as all the scholars did well, and the visitors were greatly pleased. Among those on the program, all of whom did noticeably well, were: Gertie Koontz, Mary Johnson, Mary Elliott, Embra Morton, Bessie Williams, Gertie Cosgrove, Louise Trigs, Bessie Brant, Katie Hoffmeister, Eddie Elliott, Ray Williams and Leslie White.

Miss Pinnell's Kindergarten.—Editor Advertiser.—The closing exercises of this interesting school occurred on the 31st of May. Having no practical knowledge before of the Kindergarten work, I was surprised at what I saw accomplished with children from four to eight years of age. They did well and with interest such exercises as marching and other movements, singing pretty songs, reciting child poems, and dialogues, and adding columns containing as many as six figures, pointing at and naming on a wall map all the states and territories, and many similar things. There is no more important educational movement than the Kindergarten, aiming as it does to give the young mind at a very early stage ideas of form and beauty, and to aid in developing usefully.

Miss Pinnell has shown decided ability and had good success in this mark. T. A. Johnston.

On a visit to Walnut Grove Cemetery recently our attention was attracted to a very neatly enclosed yard and on reading it we found on a panel on the gate in gilt letters: Pinnell. The fence is of cast-iron posts, panels and chains and balls, and is one of the best in the cemetery. It is the design and workmanship of Mr. Pinnell himself, and his labor and expense in putting it up is a fitting example to be followed by those much more able to decorate the resting place of their dead than Mr. Pinnell. While peculiarly neat and appropriate in design and finish for its purpose it is at the same time strong and durable, and withal an ornament to the place.

Funeral notice.—The friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of Thad. H. Pinnell, this Tuesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, from the family residence on Fourth street, to Walnut Grove Cemetery.

Boonville, Mo., April 10th, 1883.—Death of Thad. Pinnell.—We regret to chronicle the death of Thaddeus Heber Pinnell, which took place after a long and lingering illness, Tuesday morning at three o'clock. Mr. Pinnell has been a patient sufferer for 10 years past, though always cheerful and hopeful of final recovery, never losing an opportunity or a chance to help the fond parents, with whom he lived, by any light work that as a finished bookbinder he could do. He was a young man, only in his 34th year, but disease laid its deadening hand on him early, and finally bore to the grave a good man, a loving son. His funeral took place at 4 o'clock on Tuesday from the family residence to Walnut Grove Cemetery. We extend our sympathy for the bereaved family, the father, mother and sister, and old grandmother Bush, who has lived with them since they were married.

Funeral Notice.—Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of Isaac A. Pinnell, Sunday afternoon, at half past two o'clock, from the Methodist Church, south, to Walnut Grove Cemetery, Boonville, Mo., January 31, 1890.

Death.—Isaac A. Pinnell, one of Boonville's oldest citizens, died last Friday morning, January 31, 1890, after a lingering illness, at the age of 75 years, three months, 21 days. His funeral took place Sunday afternoon, at half past two o'clock, from the Methodist Church, south, to Walnut Grove Cemetery. Mr. Pinnell was a native of Virginia, born in Giles county, Va., and came to Michigan, 1835, with his parents and came to this city about 25 years ago. During his long residence here he enjoyed the respect of all citizens and was a kind husband and father. He leaves a wife and a daughter, who have the sympathy of many friends in their bereavement. In a letter to his father he said, his favorite hymn was:

Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know,
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?
What did thy only son endure,
Before I drew my breath,
What labor to secure,
My soul from endless death?

MR. WESLEY F. PINNELL, son of F. R. and E. Pinnell, was born in Virginia, Giles County, came to Berrien township with his parents in 1835, he was a kind and dutiful son; he experienced religion when a young man, joined the Methodist Church and was a sure Christian.

He moved to Indiana in 1853 with wife and three children. About two weeks after they arrived their oldest child, a baby of six years, died with measles, was sick only five days. Mr. Pinnell was much grieved and did not like the country. He came back to Michigan in a few years and lived in a number of places, and was loved by all. He joined the United Brethren with his wife some time 1850. He was married to Miss Cathrine VanVlear. They raised eight children, beside the little boy that died in Indiana. His second son went to California in 1850, and finally settled in Washington territory. In 1883 the family all went there what was not already there. In 1885 five of them had spinal fever, all but two had died of it. That was two married daughters and a little grandson, about seven years old. In 1887 Mr. Pinnell died of erysipelas and blood poison. He died at his daughter's house. His wife was on their farm, about 20 miles, they sent for her. He only lived a week after he was taken sick. The funeral was preached at Poolman, Washington, where the children were buried. Rev. George Sickafoose preached his text ii. Corinthians, v, first verse: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Funeral notice—W. F. Pinnell, born Jan. 19th, 1817, died in Washington Territory, Oct. 5th, 1887, he was a licensed exhorter in the United Brethren Church. His funeral was preached by G. Sickfoose, text as above stated; he, the preacher, was a U. B. preacher and an elder in that church many years and well acquainted in Michigan with Mr. Pinnell and family. The children are living in Washington or in Oregon. They were married in Berrien township in 1844. They had lived together 43 years. He was a kind and indulgent husband and father and a dutiful son and brother and loved by all.

Funeral notice.—Died.—Louisa J. Pinnell, aged 28 years, 8 months and 13 days, wife of Robert W. Pinnell. Died at 8:30 p. m., September 28th, 1890, at the residence of Henry McGregor. Funeral service at the M. E. Church, Tuesday,

September 30th, 1890, at 1 o'clock p. m. Interment Moscow. After his wife died, he being left with two small children, his mother went to stay and help to care for the little ones. She was with him something over a year. She was one of the best of women that ever lived, was kind to all who knew her, we all miss her with sad remembrance. She was not very well and had heart trouble, and died very suddenly after the last attack.—I wish I had a more extended obituary of W. F. and C. Pinnell.

Died.—May 24th, 1891, at the residence of her son, Robert W. Pinnell, in Moscow, Idaho, Mrs. Catherine Pinnell, aged 63 years, 9 months and 7 days. Funeral from Methodist Episcopal Church, at 10 a. m., Tuesday, May 26th, 1891.

Mr. and Mrs. Pinnell were both acceptable members of the United Brethren Church and had been so for many years. They were buried in Poolman Cemetery, Washington, with the children that died there in 1885. His favorite hymn was:

I would not live always: I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rise dark o'er the way,
The few lurid mornings, that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.
I would not live always, no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bids me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
Who, who would live always away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the planes,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smiles of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

MISS LUCINDA C. GROAT, daughter of F. R. and E. Pinnell, was born in Giles county, Va., Nov. 27th, 1818, still living 1907. Came to Michigan with her parents in September 25, 1835, was married to Mr. James Groat, near Niles. He was born in the Dominion of Canada, Oct 12, 1817. Their wedding occurred at her father's residence, July 6th, 1841, by Rev. T. P. McCool, of the M. E. Church, 45 persons were present, of which at this time eight persons are living. To this union was born 8 children, 4 of them are living and 4 dead, three of them died under six years, the other was 27 years of age. She took the whooping cough when two years old and then left with asthma and then catarrh, and finally consumption. She was a patient sufferer all the time, died August 31, 1880. Mrs. Groat, since her husband's death, lives around with her children, and is quite smart in doing sitting work, such as knitting, sewing and mending, quilting, but cannot do house

work. The mother of the Pinnell girls learned them to do all kinds of women's work that had to be done in the times passed long ago.

Following are the names of the children living: Cyrus B. Groat, one son Max, Niles Mich.; Jimmie W. Groat, one daughter married, North Liberty, Ind.; Lydia Groat-Griffith, 2 sons, Granger, Ind.; Libbie Groat-Potter, 1 son, 1 daughter, Elkhart, Ind. Jimmie died 1905, and was a very highly esteemed Christian and a very great loss to his brothers and sisters and aged mother, as well as all who knew him. Mr. C. B. Groat still lives near Niles, Mich.; a very prominent and prosperous business man along with his Shady Nook farm. He lived in the city of Niles, away from the farm for a number of years, and was highly connected with the schools.

Died.—At the residence of her parents, three miles north of Niles, of this city, Aug. 31, 1880, of consumption. Miss Rebecca E. Groat, in the 27th year of her age. Miss Groat was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and died in the full hope of salvation. She had been an invalid all her life and suffered much. A few moments before she died she requested some friends, who were present, to sing the hymn "Over there," and joined heartily with them in the chorus. She was fully conscious up to the time of her death, and died without a struggle. Funeral by the Rev. Buell. The oldest child, a son, Francis Caleb Groat, died of inflammatory rheumatism, sick less than a week, in Berrien Springs, Mich., Oct. 13, 1848, aged 6 years, 6 months. His interment was at Morris Chapel. Funeral by Wm. Mullan. He was a bright and cheerful and intelligent child and very observing for one of his age. He was a great loss to his parents and friends. In 1852 Mr. and Mrs. Groat went to Lake county, Ind., on a visit to Mr. Pinnell. They took with them their children (all but the oldest boy C. B.), the two oldest girls, Lydia and E. W., and a little girl of 17 months old. In four days after their arrival the child was taken with cholera infantum; lived four days. On Sunday funeral by Rev. Mr. Olman, in Merrillville, and the interment at the cemetery in the vicinity. It was sad to leave the little form so far from their home in Michigan.

Died.—Nancy Margaret, youngest child of James and Lucinda Groat, died Oct. 25, 1864, aged five years, lacking 12 days. Little Nancy was truly one of those of whom Jesus said: "Of such is the kingdom of God." She was kind, prayerful, intelligent and lovely. A promising bud plucked from earth to bloom in the flowery garden of heaven. The funeral was held at Morris Chapel Cemetery. Her death was caused by dyptheria, sick only four days, and interment at the place. Preached by Rev. Francis Fisher, of the United Brethren Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Groat were highly esteemed in the neighborhood, where they have lived 60 years of married life, when

death made another inroad in the family in 1901, one which caused much sadness on all who knew him in life and we cherished him for his honest and noble Christian character.

Monday's Star.—Aged Pioneer Dead.—JAMES GROAT died yesterday at the home of his son.—James Groat, aged 83 years, died yesterday of old age, at the home of his son, Cyrus B. Groat, who resides six miles north of this city (Niles.) Deceased was born in Ontario, Canada, Oct. 12, 1817, and came from his native home at the age of 21 years, and resided with Lewis Edwards, Pokagon township, Cass county, for three years. In 1841, he was married to Lucinda Pinnell and settled in Berrien township, Berrien county, where he has resided ever since, making him a resident of this county for 60 years. He joined the M. E. church in 1841, and has always lived a consistent Christian. He was the father of eight children, 4 of whom with the mother, survive. The children are as follows: Cyrus B., of Berrien township; James W., of North Liberty, Ind.; Mrs. Lydia A. Griffith, of Granger, Ind.; and Mrs. Frank Potter, of Elkhart, Ind. Mr. Groat was a kind husband and parent, a quiet, unobtrusive citizen, and leaves many friends to mourn his loss. The funeral occurred this afternoon at Morris Chapel, at 3:30 o'clock, Rev. Irwin Eagle, of Pokagon, officiating.

MR. SAMUEL F. PINNELL, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Pinnell, was born in Giles county, Virginia, September 21, 1820, still living. Came to Michigan in 1835. He is quite a politician; was petted by his mother and in fact by everybody. He was converted in 1840, and joined the Methodist Church, and is a member of the same confession yet. He was married January 1st, 1845, to Miss Elizabeth Sergeant. To this union was born six children, three boys and three girls. On 24th of May 1862, the wife died; she was a kind mother and a loving companion. Her death was of consumption, was sick for two years. Two years after the mother's death the oldest daughter was married and in 9 months she died of consumption, in March 1865, at the age of 17. In 1863 the oldest son enlisted in the late war; while in camp he was exposed to the measles and before he was well enough they moved the regiment to Kentucky. He was taken sick because of moving too soon; he had hemorrhage of the lungs and was a long time very sick, but he stayed in service till the close of the war, and was mustered out with his honorable discharge. He and his sister, who died while he was in the war, were both Christians and members of the United Brethren Church. In 1887 he died, he never was very stout after his army life. They are buried beside the mother in Morris Chapel Cemetery. Mr. Pinnell is living at the age of 83, with his youngest son, Chas. F. Pinnell (three hundred miles from his old home in Berrien township), now at Belare, Andrew county, Mich. The second son, James, is in Benton Harbor, Mich. The two young-

est girls live in Illinois. F. J. Pinnell was chaplain of George G. Mead Post, No. 36, late member of Co. K., 11th Michigan Cav.

Berrien Centre, Mich.—FRANKLIN J. PINNELL, whose death was announced last week, was a private in Co. K., 11th Michigan Cav., and was buried by George G. Meade Post, No. 36, G. A. R., at Morris Chapel, on Friday, the 14th, 1887. Rev. George W. Sicafoose preached from Revelation, 14 chapter, 13 verse: "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Deceased was for many years a member of the U.B. Church. His age was 42 years.

Mr. Pinnell was married April, 1870, to Miss Susannah E. Matthews, who still survives him, and lives in Berrien. Mr. S. F. Pinnell was married 8 years after the death of his first wife to Martha Cole. She was born near Lake George, N. Y., Feb. 11th, 1821, departed this life January 11th, 1898. She was united in marriage to William Barnett, June 16th, 1840, at Olean, N. Y. They moved to Conneaut, Ohio, thence to Valparaiso, Ind., and finally to Three Oaks, Mich., in 1865. Here she buried her husband in 1869, and was united in marriage to Mr. S. F. Pinnell in 1870. She was the mother of nine children, all by her former husband, seven of whom survive her. She was also a true mother and faithful friend to the children of her last husband. Converted in girlhood she united with the M. E. Church. After her marriage to Mr. Barnett they united with the old Christian church. At Valparaiso they again united with the M. E. Church. Mrs. Pinnell was loyal to her Master and her trust in him was firm. Hers was a life of suffering for many years. Her children and stepchildren may rise up and call her blessed, saying from the heart: She hath done what she could. L. S. Moon.

MR. THOMAS C. PINNELL, son of F. R. and E. B. Pinnell, was born in Logan county, Virginia, August 6th 1825, came to Michigan, Berrien township, at the age of 10 years with his parents. He was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at the age of 17. He was a faithful member of the same till he died. He was married to Miss Mary J. Staffard, July 4th, 1848. In 1851 he with his little family removed to Merrillville, Lake county, Indiana. To this union was born four boys and one girl, she only lived a few minutes.—She was a twin of the fourth son, he is living at this time in Erie, Pa. The father was class leader, steward and Sunday school superintendent most all the time he resided in that state. He enlisted in the war in 1862, came to camp in August and in the fall went to Indianapolis. He was in Co. A, 99th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, known in that section as the "Lake County Plow Boys." There were about 30 of them in

his regiment that were his comrades. He was sent to Gen. Sherman's division. He was always hopeful to the last, Oct. 4th, 1862.

Camp Reynolds, Indianapolis.—Very dear sister:—I am going to write this morning to you; this leaves me well and hope this will find you all well. I heard from home yesterday, they were all well. Now as for me I get along first rate, although it is not as nice as Camp Rose, of South Bend. Indianapolis is a nice town and we have a good time. Last Wednesday there was a grand review here, there was supposed to be about fifty to seventy-five thousand persons on the ground for pleasure. We had a sham fight and Governor Morton was out and took a look at us, and I think we made a grand sight as I ever saw in all my life. The boys in our company are all well and in good health and good spirits. I have written to C. Stafford, and no letter yet. I have not heard from Michigan since I left there. I have sent three or four letters there. I wish you would write to me as soon as you can be able.

I sent Mary the other day three likenesses, one for her and one for you, and the other for anyone she thought best; it was taken in full uniform. We have got our clothes, and they are very good, too. We all got twenty-five dollars a-piece; I sent 20 of them home. I do not know when I will get any more money. Address your letter to Company Jo. Reynolds, Indianapolis, Ind., 99th Ind. Regiment, Co. A, in care of Capt. D. F. Sawyers. This is from your loving brother until death, from Thomas C. Pinnell to Nancy Ann Pinnell.

Pray, if I fall, that I may fall in the arms of Jesus.

Camp Jewett, Kentucky, Nov. 1st, 1862.—Dear father and mother:—I sit down this morning to write to you. This leaves me well; I heard from home yesterday, and they were all well. I think I never had better health in my life. Our camp is a cloth tent; we sleep on the ground. I sleep as good as I did at home. It is said that we are camped on the rebel general Buckner farm; we are on a rise of ground, and there is no fence anywhere near here as it has all been burned up to cook our grub, there have been lots of houses burned up around here even since we came here. Now I tell you what I saw myself. I saw a little boy and girl drawing a little cart with two boys in it, so I asked the girl their names, the white boy's name they said was Jeff Davis, and the other, a negro boy, said his name was Linkin. This is all the kind of neighbors we have. Another circumstance happened. I took a squad of ten men after straw, we got all we could carry, and the next night the man burned it up, all he had, to keep the soldiers from having it to sleep on. I do not think much of him as a Union man. We have had some snow here, but it is nice weather now. We are intrenched for fifteen miles around; we can hear the roar of the cannons, the crack of the rifle and the sound of the musket. This is done for practice, and it

sounds like war. Some of you write as often as you can, and tell all the friends and neighbors to write as often as they can. Tell the girls they must write to me. From your son until death, to father and mother, F. R. Pinnell. Pray for me.—From Thomas C. Pinnell. Direct your letters to Louisville, Ky., Co. A, Ind. Vol., Camp Jewett, in care of Capt. D. F. Sawyer.

Camp near Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 17, 1862.—Very dear sister and friends:—I sit down to write to you. I was glad you was better, well you see where we are now, in the midst of rebeldom, the soldiers that are here say we can have a fight any day by going out five miles any time. I think the next time you hear from me we'll have had one. Well, I received a letter from Delilah, and one from Joe Stafford, the Sunday we left Louisville, Ky., which I left one week yesterday. We expected to stop then at Columbus, but we went on to Memphis. I would like to tell you about the ride down on the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers. Cairo is not much of a place, Bird Point is no place at all, it is not near as large as I expected. When we got to Island No. 10 it was so dark I could not see it to tell much about on account of the fog; it was dark when we got to Fort Pillow, and there we stopped and stayed all night. I never slept a wink that night, as we took lamps, candles, torches, and we went all night to see the fort. I saw cannons there that were blown up by the rebels that were 30 inches, through balls as large as a man's head. The fort is on a large bluff on the river's bend. We went into the magazine and some were nearly a hundred feet in length, they blew them up when they vacated the fort. There was a number of them, we went all night and then did not see all, for the fort is about seven miles long, so I could not see it all. We had to climb up the cliff on a ladder to the top. There were 300 negroes there that had run off from their masters. Each brought a horse with him, and turned them over to the government. I saw them dance (and patjuber and stink.) They all wanted to go with us. We took 20 negroes in the regiment. They are satisfied. Oh, Nancy, you never seen the like. I will digress a minute. Brother Thomas did not know what it was to see so many negroes, there were none in Lake county, Ind., where he lived before the invasion of the army. I will return to my writing. Memphis is a nice place, but it is full of negroes and rebels. We are camped in a nice grove of hickory and beach, about two miles from town. You must excuse me for not writing more as this is all the paper I have got. You must tell all the friends, this is to them also, and they must write to me. Direct your letters to Thomas C. Pinnell, Camp, near Memphis, Tenn., Co. A, 99th Regiment, in care of Capt. D. F. Sawyer. This leaves me well, to my dear loving sister until death, to Nancy A. Pinnell.

Dear father, I have ate lots of persimmons, there is so many of them. I sent 6 seeds home for Mary to plant. No hard frost to hurt anything.

Here I am well as I ever was in all my life. Love to all.

Your son, and brother, T. C. Pinnell.

Holly Springs, Mississippi, Dec. 31, 1862. Dear father and mother, sisters and friends, one and all, it is with pleasure that I address a few lines to you in answer to yours of Nov. 26th, which came to hand day before yesterday, and one from James and Lucinda Groat, and four from Mary, (my wife), the first word that I received for two months from you and from home. As for me I never had better health in all my life, never have had a day's sickness since I joined the army; I weigh 185 lbs. I was glad to hear that you all are at ease of mind after the long siege of fever, and that father was so much better, but I am sorry mother is so helpless. I think of dear mother so much. The company is all alive. There are two in the hospital, because they are not able for duty. We are stationed at Holly Springs, Miss., the depot was burned eleven days ago by the rebels, and they took possession of the town, but when they heard that the 99th was coming, they were not there any longer. The depot was a large building; there was a large amount of ammunition burned up, clothing and provisions destroyed. We still have enough to eat. As far as the war is concerned, I cannot tell you much about, only what I see. The destruction of property is great, towns, houses, fences burned to the ground; their horses, mules and cattle drove off, and their hogs butchered. I have not seen a chicken, nor goose, for more than a month. As this is the last day of the year we have Johnny cake for dinner and coffee, and what we will have to-morrow I cannot tell, as we draw rations to-morrow. Holly Springs is as nice a little town as I ever saw in the sunny south. The climate here seems to agree with me, as it is warm and nice here. The timber is mostly oak, clay soil and very hilly, so you know I cannot like it. I like Lake county better than any place I have seen since I crossed the Ohio river. I have not seen any snow yet in this state, it froze some last night. Today it is warm and the sun shines nice. I expect the day is coming when I can see you and tell you all. I have seen better times than I expected; the worst thing that I have to do is to carry Uncle Sam's trunk on my back, but the captain says that I stand it best of any man in the company. Tell James Groat that I will answer his letter shortly. This is from your brother until death, to Nancy Ann Pinnell. From T. C. Pinnell, Grant's Army.

I think this is the last letter we ever received from him. The next is from a comrade of his, telling of the sickness and death of that dear brother. You will see, he had hope to the last, while he was permitted to have his mind.

Lagrange, Tenn., Feb. 8th, 1863.—Dear beloved brother-in-law:—I seat myself this afternoon in sorrow to write a few lines to you of the death of your brother Thomas. He died yesterday, the 7th of February, of Typhoid fever. He was moved from our company about 3 weeks ago, taken to the hospital in Lagrange, Tenn., where he died. During his illness the boys waited on him almost every day. I have been sick for about two weeks and felt very sorry, because I was not able to go and see him. All the boys that did visit him say that he had a good place and the best care. He is going to be buried to-day. Co. A all lament because we have not got the means to send him home, as we have not got a cent of money, nor any one received a cent since we left home. But he will be buried in good order; the boys all lament the loss of him very much. But dear brother, he was very pious and lived right up to his confession, and sat a first rate example for the company. We miss him very much, but dear brother, he is now where sorrow and tumults are felt and feared no more. But oh! the sad and dismal gloom it will be to his family. Yet, dear brother, the same news will be sent of a good many of us before this war closes, and perhaps I will be among the rest. War is an awful, awful thing, and I hope that it will close soon. There is quite a number of our company sick; both of our lieutenants are sick. Our second lieutenant has not been with us for a month, he going to get his discharge. Our first lieutenant is not expected to live, he is in the hospital, and a good many others whom you know not. Our company has been reduced very much, but Thomas is the first one that has died. We expect to get some money now in a day or two, and all the boys say that if we do we will send him home. The report is now that he died with the lung fever. Now, brother, I will close by hoping soon to hear from you. This is from your affectionate brother, H. Barton, to S. F. Pinnell and friends.

Directions: Hiram Barton, General Grant's Army, of Tenn., Denvear's division, in care of Capt. D. F. Sawyer.

P. S.—Hiram Barton is still living, address Crown Point, Indiana.

Crown Point, Ind., March 8th, 1863.—Dear brother and friends, one and all. I have just received three letters, one from you and one from Martha, and one from James. I find that the folks are well; be assured, it gave me much pleasure. I must confess that I enjoy the best of health that I ever enjoyed in all my life. Lydia wants to know every day when papa is coming home. I wish it was so I could go home and see my family once more. There is going to be a furlough granted as soon as we get our pay, but it will cost 30 dollars to go home and return. I do not know if I will accept it or not, there is no one gladder to see his family and friends than I. Now in reference to Thomas: his grave is marked so that it

could be picked out any time, for one of the boys tended to it and seen that it was marked so it could be found, if wanted, and we would have sent him home and would willingly do so now, if we had the money. And in reference to his last words, he was out of his mind for four or five days, and was not sensitive of his situation, and died so during that time. I must say, oh, could I only have been with him to take care of him in his sickness. But if anyone comes for his body they need not be afraid, for his grave is marked, so there will be no trouble about finding it.

I will not copy any more of this letter, as it is not on the subject that is wanted in this book. Hiram Barton to S. F. Pinnell.

Many thanks to Mr. Barton for the communication and the particulars of my dear brothers death. He is living yet, and this may meet his eyes and he will know how much we appreciate his kindness.

After Thomas died, the two oldest boys went to work; it was not an easy thing for such young boys to make their own living and help their mother. She sold the home-place and came to Michigan, where her friends and her husband's people lived. She bought a little home. She had a widow's pension; then she married a man from Pennsylvania. She took the two youngest boys with her and as they were young enough to have a child's pension, and at 16 that ended, and then they were able to take care of themselves, which they did with honor. The two oldest stayed in Michigan and worked in summer and had their home with their grandfather Pinnell, and went to school. They were boys of promise and manly; no one need be ashamed of them. They and their younger brothers are living, the oldest, Joseph F. Pinnell, lives near St. Joseph, Mich.; George W., the second, and the third, C. W. Pinnell, are in California. H. E., the youngest, lives in Erie, Pa. All have homes of their own and are married, except George, who is a bachelor of fifty-four years old.

A short funeral notice.—THOMAS C. PINNELL, born August 6th, 1825, in Logan county, Va., died Feb. 7th, 1863, at Lagrange Hospital, Tenn., of Typhoid and lung fever, aged 37 years, 6 months, and 2 days. Was married to Mary J. Staffard, July the 4th, 1848; there were over 40 at this wedding and now there are only eight that are living at this time. He enlisted August 27, 1862, in Co. A, 99th Ind. Volunteers, known as the Lake County Plow Boys. He was a corporal, and was a member of the M. E. Church 17 years. His funeral was preached, Nov. 22, by Rev. J. Blanchard, of Niles, Mich. He wrote to his sister, N. A. Pinnell, while in the army, that he was trying to live for Jesus and if he fell to fall in the arms of Jesus.

JOSEPH, his son, was married May 12th, 1872, to Miss Aditha Borden, at the residence of his grandparents, F. R. and E. Pinnell. She died Sept. 10, 1904. He married Louise

Hagmann, of Erie, Pa., Dec. 20, 1905, at the home of his brother in Erie. He lives now near St. Joe, Mich.

HENRY EDWARD PINNELL, his fourth son, was married June 30, 1897, to Miss Imogene Florence Caldwell, of St. Joe, Mich.

MARY J. PINNELL STRONG, the venerated wife of Comrade S. E. Strong, Chaplain of Post 479, G. A. R., Wesleyville, Pa., died Saturday evening, the 9th of March, 1895, with grippe and congestion of the lungs. Deceased's maiden name was Mary J. Staffard. She was born April 18th, 1831, near Toronto, Ontario, moved to the States at the age of 16, was married when 18 years old to Thomas C. Pinnell, then residing near Niles, Mich. Soon after they moved to Lake county, Indiana, in August 27, 1862. Her husband enlisted in Co. A, 99th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, known as the Lake Co. Plow Boys. He was a corporal. He died in a hospital in Lagrange, Tenn., Feb. 1863. The widow was left with four little boys, and soon after sold the home and returned to her old home in Michigan. Her four sons are all living: Joseph F. Pinnell, in St. Joseph, Mich.; George W. Pinnell, in Galleta, Santa Barbara county, Cal.; C. W. Pinnell, in Bakersfield, Cal., and Henry Edward Pinnell, youngest, is a resident of Erie, Pa. October 16, 1866, Mrs. Pinnell was united in marriage at Niles, Mich., to Mr. S. E. Strong, then residing in Waterford township, Pa. About ten years ago they gave up the hard work of farm life on account of the failing health of Mrs. Strong and moved to Wesleyville. She has been an invalid the past fifteen years, but could get around and attend to her household duties most of the time. The deceased was a member of Jno. M. Sell, W. R. C., No. 41, and this was the second death that has occurred in that corps since its organization. Mr. Strong has resided in Erie county all his life mostly in Waterford and Greene townships, where sons and daughters by a former marriage are now residing.

The funeral services will be held in the M. E. Church, on Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. D. Knapp, assisted by Dr. Moore. Interment in Erie Cemetery. Jno. M. Sell, W. R. C., and Post 479, G. A. R. will attend in a body.

NANCY A. PINNELL, daughter of F. R. and E. B. Pinnell, born in Logan county, Va., December 23, 1827, came to Mich. 1835. Settled in Beriren township; has resided here since then, excepting one year in Lake county, Ind.; was brought up in Christian example, was converted in the year 1841, and a member of the M. E. Church till 1853. Then joined the United Brethren Church, and is a member of the same at this time, 1904. The mother of the four daughters taught them to work and do all kinds of useful things, to cook, wash and bake, milk and churn butter, make cheese curd, spin and weave most all kinds of cloth, both woolen as well as cotton and linen, to knit, sew and make quilts, to knit lace fringes

and embroidery, and make all kinds of men's wear, from socks to overcoats, hats, mittens, gloves, and women's wear, bonnets cloaks and gloves of all kind. Nancy writes: I have made garden, cut up corn and husked it, raised potatoes, common and sweet, mellons, and all kinds of garden vegetables, taught school and kept house for my parents while they lived and still keep house all alone (or it keeps me), I think it was most time for me to take the shelf and some one to cook and wash and care for me. All my brothers and sisters, but one sister beside myself, got married and had good companions. We two, Delila and I, lived old maids and cared for our parents. We never were sorry we did not get married. Delila lived till she was almost 84 years old. She used to say, if she ever did marry and get a good man, she did well by waiting so long, and if she got a bad man, she would have had him long enough. She is gone now to the other world and we trust she is most happy with the redeemed that have gone before her. I have been writing of so many, but not by choice, for I did not think, I was competent to do such a thing as this.

Some has been cheerful and exciting, but sickness and so many deaths has been sad, but the Lord's ways are always best. I want to live in this world so when I am called, my work will be done and well done. as there has been so much gloom, I think I must tell something amusing, if any little girl should chance to read this, they may think of me. I often tell it to the young folks and children. They were always interested in it. Well, when I was almost two years old my father and mother lived in Va., and my mother's father was living in Ohio. He was very sick and they thought he would die soon. Father and mother went to Ohio to see him, and I was left with the older children at home. On their return, after their visit was over in Ohio, they stopped on their way home to visit a brother of father's, James. My uncle James had a daughter, the youngest of the family. Her brother-in-law was a hatter by trade, and in those days they lined the silk hats with gay colored lining, such as red, green, yellow and pink. This young girl could have all the pieces left over, so she made a doll to send to me; it was no fancy doll, nor china, such as dolls are nowadays; it was a rag doll, the face covered with white muslin. She had taken ink and made her eyes and eyebrows, nose, mouth and ears, and had put some hair on her head, and had a black leghorn bonnet of the old style, called the Jackson stick-up; it had a black silk dress, and black slippers on her feet, and a lot of other clothes made from the hatter's lining, so she was fancy for me. I did not know what a doll was, but I thought it all right, I played with her like any child, and my folks wanted me to give her a name, so you must hold your breath till I tell you, it was Polly Ann. There was nothing like Polly Ann; when I went to the table to eat I took her by the head and put her under my left arm and the head in front, the feet back. I never ate at the table without her un-

der my arm, and slept with her in my arms, and was so attached to her, mother could not get her away from me. In 5 and one half years she had many a dirty face, but my sister Lucinda would take some white cloth and cover her face and make new eyes, ears, and mouth, put some more hair on her head and make some new shoes for her, and so she was the same Polly Ann; she was like the boy's knife that was all broke, the blades, handle and back spring were all broke, but he found another handle, some blades and back spring and repaired his knife; he said it was the same old knife, and that was the same doll, and in May 1835 we all started to come to the great West, and before the boat was ready the water was so low they would have to wait till it rained and raise the water in the Guyandotte river, so the boat could come with my uncle Wesley and family and my three oldest brothers were coming in the boat, Cyrus Hinchman, his wife and three children, some of their beds were in the canoe, father and mother were in the other canoe, and the second day on the river there were so many large fish and they would jump up in the water and we were all looking at the fish. A great long black snake came along and mother said, "Oh, Nancy, see that big snake!" While I was so interested in the snake she slipped Polly Ann from under my arm and let her go over the edge of the canoe into the river. I cried: "O my Polly Ann!" I was just ready to jump over board to get her and mother caught me just in time, or I would have fallen in the water. I cried a long time, I have dreamed hundreds of times about it. I never played with another doll, nor had another one. I would go to see little girls, they had dolls and wanted me to take them to play, but I never would. Mother has said often that she was sorry she ever slipped her away from me. I have woke out of sleep crying, after I was 50 years old, of seeing her in the big river with the fish and snakes. When I was 12 years old we moved from the place we first settled on, and went three miles south. In the neighborhood was a young girl, 6 months older than I, and she had a doll as large as a three months old baby, it was a laughing doll, she would play with it as if she was only 7 years old. I went to visit her and she came and put it in my lap. I told her I did not play with dolls. She thought it was funny to think I did not like dolls. She is living yet; she came to see me last summer. This is enough of Polly Ann, so bye-bye to the little girls. Nancy.

I will finish now by saying while I live in this world I want to work and have my senses, and leave a bright evidence behind that all is well. I want, when that time comes, to hear the voice from heaven, saying, "Come to me." Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them. I sometimes get so interested in the cause of temperance and the wickedness of this sin-cursed world, and the desecration of the sabbath, a day appointed by

God among the Jews and from them established among Christians, for public worship, the seventh day set apart from works of labor, to be employed in piety. I sometimes tell the folks, when I die I don't think there will be anything printed about me, for I am so plain in speaking of the wickedness of the people, saloons, gambling, and theatres, drunkenness and murder. Some say, be moderate, if we did not occasionally get a little warmed up we would think ourselves a poor specimen of humanity if we did not have more love and sympathy for heart-broken women and children, lamentation and sorrow, blood, anguish, of thousands of victims every day, "but we must not offend those who are in their fine clothes, and political office-seekers." There was St. Paul, who was beheaded because he got too much in earnest. St. Peter was hanged to death, head downward, he was too much in earnest, and had too much zeal to please some, and Stephen, he was stoned to death. Most all of Jesus' apostles and followers were martyrs. Some think we need not be so earnest in the cause. I think, if they would get more in earnest about the dangers of licentious saloons possibly they would follow their calling more in a righteous cause, than they do, if they would occasionally only get a little excited. They want all to keep cool and give a little milk and water and use a little soft soap to reform the saloonists. All that will accomplish anything must have vim and enthusiasm. They say John Huss was an old fool for irritating his enemies so much that they burned him. Some had better call a halt soon, or the Judge of the earth will settle the matter, and the sooner the better. It is not enough to say, the Lord is on our side, it will be all right, we want that faith that we can say, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

I will close this for more abler hands to finish.

MISS N. A. PINNELL.

I will tell a little anecdote when I was a little child about two years old. It was the custom of the parents to have all the babies wear caps and sometimes they had to wear them till they were four years old. So I had my little white cap on, we were all at church, it was in a dwelling house. The preacher stood by the table, there was a little boy, a few months older than myself. We were sitting under the table by the minister's feet, and his mother and my mother were sitting a little ways in front of us. His name was Dow Perry, and he was a great hector for one of his age. He commenced to tease me, I wanted him to stop. I put my little bony hand out and grabbed his cap off his head. We began to squeel, and my mother beckoned her hand to me and pointed to a little stool by her side. It was not long before I was seated as quiet as a lamb.

I remember it as well as if it was yeterday. I think I never wore a cap after that; but he was always trying to do something to plague some one. I was 7 years and 5 months old when we left to come west. The two families were good friends, we all stopped to see them and say good-bye in May 1835. In 1878 Mr. Hinchman went to Virginia on business, and Mr. Perry, the father of Dow, was a cousin of Mr. Hinchman, but the children all said, uncle Cyrus. He visited the family of Mr. Perry, and Mr. Dow was then over 50 years old, had a nice wife and large family of boys and girls; invited Mr. Hinchman to come to his house for a visit. While there he asked after all the friends in this country, and began telling as fast as he could. At last he said, "well, what about Nancy." He said she was caring for her father and mother in their old age. Dow put his hand in his pocket and took out two dollars in silver and said, "Uncle Cyrus, I would give these two dollars to see Nancy and hector her like I did when we were little." Cyrus said, you could not plague her in the least, you would not make anything off of her, she is not plagued like she was when little. When my brother-in-law came home he come to visit us, and told what Dow said; he just laughed so hearty, while telling it, the tears rolled down his cheeks. I said I would be glad to see him and tell how I took his cap off. While we lived near neighbors in Virginia it was customary to have the children of the Methodist Church baptized. Mr. Perry did not have the chance to have their children baptized while they were little, until they had six or seven, and they thought as the preacher was there, they would have them all batized at one time. They had a little bench for all to sit on, and the preacher took the first one; the others saw him sprinkle, they did not think much of that, so they all jumped up and run under the table to hide from the minister. He went to one end of the table and the father to the other, and the mother at the side, when they would try to get hold of one he would run to the other end. Finally they would get hold of one and pull him out and baptize him and let him go; then they would catch another one, till they had caught all. It was amusing to see the performance. I am not telling this to make light of the ordinance of baptism, but I was requested to tell it in this book, as it would be more lively and cheerful. I am a firm believer in the ordinance of infant baptism, for I never take the old family bible in my hand to look at the family record and read when I was baptized but that it causes a tender feeling in my heart, and often causes me to drop tears of rejoicing and thanks to my earthly parents for their devoted Christian duties in this life, towards their children in giving them a good example to follow in the right road to the heaven above.

Obituary of Miss Nancy A. Pinnell.

Nancy A. Pinnell, died at her home in Berrien Co., Mich., on Pucker street, Sept. 8, 1906, in her 78th year. In the days of the log cabin school houses she was a pioneer school teacher and did what she could to develop the educational interests of her locality. She embraced the Christian religion in early youth, and remained firm and steadfast in the Christian faith. She was a member of the United Brethren Church up to the time of her death. She was generous and kind, but entertained pronounced and emphatic views of religion and temperance. The remains were interred Sunday, in the cemetery at Morris Chapel. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Blickenstaff of Berrien Springs.

H. E. Pinnell (1907) will add a few remarks by saying that Aunt Nancy had the most remarkable memory of any person that he ever knew. She could give the exact dates of all the Pinnell's, births, deaths, and in fact nearly everything she knew about at all. She knew it so well that she would never have to refer to anything. Such a wonderful memory is possessed by few people. I think that this will be well substantiated by all who ever knew her. Her life was a life of self-sacrifice. Her life was given for others. She was the mainstay of the old home, it was her shoulders to the wheel that pulled her mother through a bed-ridden sickness of 17 years. Just stop a moment to think what 17 long years mean to take care of a person. She and her sister Delila, the old maids as every one called them, had it to do. Then her father was old and feeble also, he lived 3 years after his wife died and was quite a care; then came the sickness of her sister Delila and death, then the poor old aunt was left all alone. All this time things had to be held together; the farm work, the buying, the selling, the financiering, was no small task to make ends meet. I can truly say she was generous to a fault, never down-hearted, but always jovial and full of fun and jokes. She would say: "What do I want to get married for, I am man enough, I am man of the house, I pay taxes, I do everthing but vote. She held the electric wire, that wonderful memory that kept in touch with all the Pinnell's. To her we will all be very thankful for this history, for I know of no one that could have done it half as well, and as the past shows us, we came very near not getting it. In this work she speaks of a book printed of the Pinnell's and it was destroyed. How we all wish we could have that book to refer to now, as that would probably refer to the other two boys that came from England.

H. E. P.

After the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Pinnell they were industrious and resided in Virginia, in Giles and Fayette counties. He taught school and held other offices and surveyed considerable of the time. In 1824 they moved to Logan county. There the two youngest children were born and the old-

est girl was married. He still taught school and surveyed till 1832, when he was elected sheriff of Logan county, and moved to Lonesville, where he kept the jail. When his term was finished he moved to a place called Buffalo. While there they concluded to emigrate to the west. He had a younger brother than he, so I will have to tell of both families. To make more plain I must say Wesley Pinnell, son of James and E. Pinnell, born March 3d, 1789, and Phoebe Linegar, his wife, as the two brothers married sisters. Phoebe was born January 4th, 1792. They were married in 1811. Following is the list of the children of Wesley Pinnell:

Ester Eliza Pinnell, born February 12th, 1812.

Fanny Craig Pinnell, born February 2, 1813.

Nancy Pinnell, born October 11th, 1814.

Wesley Pinnell, born November 15th, 1816.

Francis Pinnell, born June 16th, 1817.

Rebeca Pinnell, born May 23, 1819.

Phoebe Pinnell, born September 19th, 1820.

Polly Electa Pinnell, born May 21, 1822.

Mary Ann Pinnell, born January 30th, 1826.

While the two families lived in Giles and Fayette, Virginia, they lived in the same house most of the time, but they never had a cross word, nor ill-feeling towards one another. In 1834 Wesley came to Logan county, and brought his family in the spring, except the three oldest girls. One was married and had two little girls, and she lived with grandmother Linegar after her husband died in Jackson county, Ohio. He died in 1829, aged 72 years. In the fall uncle went after the other two girls. His daughter's husband died and left her with two little girls, so she stayed with grandmother as she had always lived with her for she was old. In the spring of 1835 the two brothers concluded to come to the western country and brother-in-law, Cyrus Hinchman, and sister said they would come too. Before starting, Wesley's second daughter, Fanny, married and did not come with us. My sister had three little children, two girls and a boy 6 months old, so you see there was quite an emigration for the West, 24 in all, so uncle said they would build a boat. All went to work to build one large enough to carry all to Cincinnati. When it was finished the water of the river was too low for the boat, so they waited until it rained.

In 1829 F. R. Pinnell and wife went to see her father, Isaac Linegar, then living in Jackson county, Ohio. He was very sick with stomach trouble, so they stayed three weeks and he was then thought to be some better. They started to come home and stopped at Barboursville to visit his oldest brother, James Pinnell. They arrived home the first of Nov. Her father died in two weeks after they left him. That winter he taught school and worked in other business till they thought of coming west. In May, father and son-in-law each took a

canoe, and father and mother and three girls and one boy were in his canoe. C. Hinchman had his wife and three children in his canoe. They went to Barboursville and visited the brother and family one week and in that time it rained so that the boat could come and then they stayed about four days, and the 24 went all on board and took all the household goods with them. Then we all said good-bye and the men at the oars began to move the boat. All but the small children joined in singing.

Delila led the singing of the "Farewell Song":

My dearest friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove,
Your friendship is like the drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

Your company is sweet, your union dear
Your words delightful to my ear,
But when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords about my heart.

How sweet the hours have passed away
When we have met to sing and pray,
How loathe we've been to leave the place,
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

Oh! could we stay with friends so kind,
How it would cheer my sinking mind,
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

But since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission all is one,
We'll say, "Our Father's will be done!"

Dear fellow youth in Christian ties,
Who seeks for mountains in the skies,
Fight on we'll gain the happy shore,
Where parting, friends, will be no more.

How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hope and fears,
Your hearts with love did seem to flame,
Which makes me think, we'll meet again!

Poor mourning souls in sore surprise,
Jesus remembers all your cries,
Oh! trust his grace and in that land
We ne'er shall take the parting hand.

My Christian friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll all be one,
And if on earth we meet no more,
Oh, may we meet on the happy shore.

I hope you'll all remember me,
If here my face no more you see,
An interest in your prayers, I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

Oh! glorious day, oh, blessed hope!
My heart leaps forward at the thought,
That in that holy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

But with our blessed holy Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord,
There we will all with Jesus dwell,
So loving brethren, all "Farewell!"

This was sung, when parting at Barboursville, ,Virginia, in June 1835. Those left behind said they could hear every word distinctly for half a mile.

Well, we journeyed on down the Guyandotte river from Barboursville, Cable county, to the mouth of the river Guyandotte, then on the Ohio river to Jackson county, near Irenton, to a place called Hanging Rock. There the boat stopped and took on grandmother Linegar and Wesley Pinnell's oldest daughter and child, then we came on to Cincinnati. There they sold the boat and rented a house for some days, as there were 27 of us. It took quite a house to keep us all, but as we were all cleaven to one another, it was a comfort to be together.

One day father Pinnell was out on the hunt for teams to take us on our journey when he inquired for a Methodist preacher. The one that married his daughter to Mr. Hinchman, and baptized me when a babe, was the one they sent him to. His name was Zachariah Connell. He brought him home with him and told him, pointing to me, that was the one he had baptized in Virginia. He called me to him and talked very nice. I was 7 years and 5 months old, and I can remember just how he looked. He prayed and then gave us all good-bye.

After our stay there of some four days the men of our company succeeded in getting teams to take us to Indianapolis, Ind. It was some time in June. They had horse teams but it was slow traveling as the greater portion had to walk. The old and young ones had to ride in the wagon, and at night some slept in the wagon and others found shelter in dwelling houses. We went from Cincinnati to Lawrenceburg, Greensburg, Shelbyville, Rushville, etc.

On the 29th of June, while we were on the way, uncle Wesley Pinnell was taken sick with cholera morbus. We got to Indianapolis on the 30th. We stopped there, and the horses went back with their drivers. The men hired a house and went to it and stayed all night. The next day father and brother-in-law got another house, and we went to it as the first was too small. That night Uncle Wesley died, and was

buried on the third of July. On returning from the grave our family all went home, all but brother I. A. Pinnell went in with the family. Grandma was left in bed as she was old and sick, but we did not think of any danger. After going in the house Eliza, the one that cared for grandma, went to the bed and removed the curtain, so she could see if she was sleeping, but she only breathed three times after that and was dead. Mother had just come in the house when brother came after her and said: "Oh, mother, grandmother is dead, and they want you to come as soon as you can." She went back with her, and they buried grandma the next day, on the 4th of July, 1835, at the age of 74 years. During July and August three of our family were taken sick, father, one brother, and sister, were all very sick. On the 31st of August Aunt Phoebe, the wife of Wesley Pinnell, died of fever and they buried her in Indianapolis by her husband and mother, and there is a little grandson of theirs there also, who died in August, so there are four left out there, though we were all sick. There was a fever of some kind, and one of the girls was sick so long that she took consumption. (I will refer to her later on.) We stayed there from June until September. The doctors told father that he must leave there or the three that were sick would die, and he thought if he would start on his journey it would help them. My brother and brother-in-law hired a man and a yoke of oxen to take us on our journey. It was hard for father and mother and all to leave their brother's and sister's children in such a sickly place, but he told them as soon as they could come in the spring and come to him he would take them in with him. When the man came with the wagon and loaded in the beds and clothing, and books and dishes, mother had a large chest and she put a featherbed on it and the men carried father out, and put him on the chest and then she made a bed in the wagon beside him, and they carried the sick brother out and laid him down on it, and in the middle of the wagon they made another bed for sister. She said, "I don't want to go, oh, don't put me in there." None of the three could walk or stand alone, so they told her they could not leave her, and then carried her out of the house and put her on the bed. She cried and said she wanted to die there. Then my married sister and her three little ones found a place to ride and mother and all the rest of the family started on foot. Seven of us and the driver and we made quite a show. The first two days the driver was very quiet but after that he was a lively fellow.

After the second day the sick began to get better, and we had to get houses to sleep in, although the men slept in the wagon. When we stopped at noon to get dinner, mother would take to the sick their dinner to the wagon, but when night came the brother and brother-in-law would have to lift them out of the wagon, and when it would come to lift sister down they would say, "Come Lila, jump out," and she would

cry and say, "You know I cannot!" and every night it was the same, but they still kept getting better. Sometimes it was hard to find places to stay and sometimes it would rain, and the crossways would be so full of mud that the bottom of the road appeared to fall out and down would go the wheels and then they would have to be pried up again. Before we got to South Bend the feathers worked out of place and poor father's hip bones were so sore the skin was all rubbed off, making large sores. We had a hard time of it. Once in a while the driver would have a lively time, one time he jumped over a fence and pulled up some turnips and ran away with them, and the old lady ran out and hollered at him. Another time he went over in a hoglot and picked up a little pig by the tail, and it began to squeel and the mother sow ran after him, and he just got away in time to save himself, as she had hold of his heel. After that he did not try to get hold of any more pigs.

One night we stayed at a man's house by the name of Fillgore, they were very kind and most all were as good as they could be. Another time we tried to get a place to stay and some could not let us stay, and dark came on, when down went the wagon in a mud hole. But the sick were better and father had got so that he could walk with two leading him. Mother took one arm, and as little as I was, only 8 years old, took his other hand. My married sister carried her baby boy of 8 months and led her little girl. My youngest brother of ten carried an armful of pillows and quilts to make our beds and led the other girl of six. The next brother was 15, he stayed with the driver. Sister Lucinda was 17. She had her arms full of bedding and she stepped in a mudhole. She had slippers on and one came off and she often laughs how she slipped up her sleeve and went arms length into the mud to get her slipper. The sick brother, almost 19 years old, could not walk but a few steps so they put him on one of the oxen and he rode a quarter of a mile to the house where we stayed. Now comes Delilah, she could not walk yet, so brother and brother-in-law made a chair by taking hold of each other's wrist and they carried her the one quarter mile, while she put her arms around their neck and held on to them. The people were very kind to us. Next morning the brother and driver came to breakfast and then went back to get the team and all was ready when they came back, so we loaded it in and started. There were a great many Quakers in that country, and they were very plain and friendly people. When the driver would see two or three coming on horseback, he named his oxen—one he called broad-rim and the other Quaker—and he would say that every time he met any of these people. Sometimes, if any one stopped and said "Good morning, you moving?" he would say, "No, we are standing still." Others again would stop and say: "Where are you from?" and he would answer, right back there, where you are going. So he

never gave a right answer. Brother told mother, he was ashamed of the way Mr. Loquet (that was the driver's name) talked and that if he would see anyone coming he would say to mother: "I will walk on and if they ask questions I can treat them politely." Sometimes he would meet a little boy and he would say: "Well, bub, does your father and mother fight like they used to?" and the boy would say, "My folks do not fight," and he would say to him again, "Why I thought they did." One time he met a little boy that had on a ragged shirt, and Loquet said, "hello, bub! is that all the shirt you've got, its ragged, why don't you go to bed and let your mother patch it?" The little fellow said: "I have no mother."

On our way from Indianapolis we passed Crawfordville, Noblesville, Tipton, Peru, Logansport, Manchester, Rochester, Plymouth and also crossed the Tippecanoe river. There Mr. Hinchman left us and came to Michigan and got a man and team to meet us. When we arrived at South Bend, Ind., in the evening, it had rained on us all day, but we had the good luck to find a nice family of German descent and they took us in. They had just eaten their supper, but we had not had ours, and mother asked the privilege of cooking our supper. They said yes, and welcome. They left their table for us to eat from and also what was left from their supper. They would not let mother wash the dishes, they said she was tired and cold. Our folks made some excuse for the rain and did not want to dirty their house, but they said, never mind that! But when Loquet came in, after he had put away the oxen, he came in the side door and jumped up and down with his muddy feet and cried: "Here we are at last!" Our folks were all mortified to think of him being so rude and unmanly. The next morning they gave him his breakfast and paid his bill and he started home. Mr. Hinchman came in the morning from Michigan with a man and team to take us to the desired home. We left South Bend and the kind family, whose name was Brunson, with many thanks for their hospitality, and not without an invitation, if ever we returned to call on them. Mr. Hinchman and I, A. Pinnell, were the only ones that had a chance to call on them, and they found them as pleasant as ever in their old age. It was 10 miles to Niles with its six houses and two of them were log cabins which remained there for several years. There were two doctors and one store and that's all there was in 1835. We came three miles this side of Niles and crossed the Dowagiac Creek. There was an old log house that was not occupied, so we stopped and stayed all night. Next morning we crossed the Dowagiac Creek and went up about two miles and then came across again over the place where it was not so deep.

You may think there was not much sightseeing in those days, but there was, but it was deer and animals and Indians. Sometimes many of them would be together. After we crossed the creek we passed two houses in four miles of

travel. One man had about two acres of land cleared and had a little orchard with a few trees set out and one of the trees had one apple on it, and he had a little basket, hanging under it, so if the apple would fall it would go into the basket, and then he would know what kind of fruit he had. We were from early morning until five o'clock going six miles. We landed at a Mr. Hugh Marrs and Mr. Hinchman's brother was there to meet us, and my brother-in-law went there to stay with his brother, and father's family stayed with Mr. Marrs. The next day was Sunday, as we had got there on Saturday evening at 5 o'clock, the 25th of September. A long time traveling from May until September, and you know that we were all willing to stop and rest. Our folks had known Mr. Marrs in Virginia, so we had a place to stay until a house could be built. Sunday there was a funeral preached by the missionary preacher, Rev. T. P. McCoal. It was for a little boy of Mr. Hiram Hinchman, who was killed by a well pole falling on his head. It had been two years but there was no preacher to preach and that was the first opportunity they had after the funeral.

Brother-in-law Cyrus Hinchman and wife, and their three little children, went to stay with his brother, Hiram Hinchman, and father's family was divided between Mr. Marrs and a Mr. Rigon, with whom they had been acquainted in Virginia. Then it was to go and look for a piece of government land to build a log house. Mr. Hiram Hinchman had picked one place, joining his, for father, so they with all the neighbors joined in and by the last of October we moved in. The place had no door, nor windows, nor floor, but the sills and all was ready for the floor. When dinner was ready they laid two pieces of hewn logs, split in two, to make the floor, and then put two pieces across sills, and mother put the dinner on them, and then they put one on either side for us to sit on. We ate our dinner in this way without chairs, but had our feet hanging down on the ground. There were no saw mills to get our lumber sawed, but plenty of trees, so thick that you could not see but a little distance. They split boards to cover the house with, but had no nails to put them on, so they put poles on top to hold them on. We had no lock, nor hinges, so they made wooden hinges for the door and bored a hole in the side casing of the door and made a pin to fasten it. Father started with \$500.00 but spent it all in traveling and doctor bills, and had to sell his gun worth \$50.00 for \$25.00 and then was in debt. There had been a hard frost in June and killed most all the wheat, or injured it so that it made us sick to eat of the bread and had to pay 84 cents per bushel for it, for corn \$2.50 per bushel, and potatoes \$2.00, and everything in proportion, so it cost something to live on, with eight in the family, but we were all happy. It was a novelty to live in a new country where the wolves, panthers, wild cats and Indians were in abundance. It was nothing to see from 25 to 250 In-

dians passing at one time. They often stopped to sell something, to get money or something to eat, they called trading "swap." When they came to the door, they would come in without asking and say "bushaw," that is how-do-you-lo. If they saw you were friendly, they would say, "bushaw nicon," that is how-do-you-do, my friend.

If they wanted potatoes they would ask for "pinniak," if bread, it was "koquashkin," and milk was "bish." I cannot tell all of their languages in this short space, but you may think, it was amusing, but not so nice to have them come at eleven o'clock at night and burst open the door and run to the fire, when the snow was a foot deep, and take his big knife as long almost as your arm and lift a coal of fire to light his pipe—"Kimbo," the smokeman, meant to kill white man, because he was mad—he wanted to stay at the man's house and he would not let him. That was why he wanted to kill him. He stayed until morning. Mother gave him and the one that was with him something to eat. He came in at daylight, and told us he was "squiree," that was "drunk with them." He was so drunk he could not walk and had to lie down in the snow all night. It was a new settlement and no one had but a few acres of land cleared to raise anything, so it was hard to get anything, but the neighbors were good and let us have what they had to spare, and two days after we moved in the house my older brother was twenty-one years old, and he went to Niles and commenced to learn the carpenter's trade. In the next week, after we moved in our house my married sister, Mr. and Mrs. Hinchman, and three little children came in with us and stayed until they build their house in the woods, as my father had done, and it was one-half mile from us. Then it was December. In the spring the second son was nineteen years old, he went ten miles and hired out to work, and bought us a cow and a little calf, then we had milk and butter of our own. After the first winter, father was not strong and the third son was fifteen years old, he cut hickory trees and split them into splints, to make baskets, and father made baskets for everyone and the son, who was sick, learned it too from him, and helped to make them. There was no one in all the country that could make baskets, and when they saw what he had made, they all wanted one, they set their own price, if it was a half bushel they filled it with what he wanted, or a bushel; it was the same whether it was corn or potatoes or what, it was filled all the same. A man came five miles to get some baskets, he wanted one half bushel, one bushel and a two bushel basket. When he took them to him, he filled them all with what he wanted. The man said, "I want you to make me one more, and I will fill it also, and I want it made as large as you can make one." He came home and went to work on the basket and when done he took it to him, and the man filled it with wheat and it held four bushels. Father said, it was too much; he wanted the man to take out some. He said, no,

that was my bargain, I do as I say, so it was quite a joke. I must tell, for amusement of the children, of the two brothers, the older one that could make the baskets, that had been sick—he could make them quite good—and the younger one that made the ribs and splints, said, I will make one, and they laughed at him, and said, you cannot make one that will hold shelled corn. Yes, I can, I can make one that will hold water. He went to work and made it, and told them, he could carry water in it. He said he would carry that full to the house from the lake. He went about four yards and dipped the basket in the water. It was a very cold day and freezing, he held it up and let it freeze and he kept dipping till it was all covered with ice, and then he dipped it into the lake and brought it to the house, full of water, and said, now, I told you so. Well, spring came at last, and French got so he could go to work. I forgot to tell how we spent the Sundays. We read our books and sung hymns in the evenings of the week, father would pronounce the words from the spelling-book or dictionary, and we spelled them. If one missed a word the next would spell it and then go up, and one would spell a long time that way. We would stand up and as soon as one missed they sat down and so on till all were down. Sometimes twice in a week some of the neighbor's young folks would come in and then we would have a spelling school, and choose sides and see who could stand up longest. There was no schools nor meetings to go to. When the snow was all gone father and Samuel chopped down some trees and burned the logs and we had no horse or plow. They took the hoe and dug up the ground between the stumps and planted some potatoes and a little corn, and mother had brought some onion sets and garden seeds from Virginia, so we had a little garden. Later on she sowed turnips and peas. Now as I told you before of leaving the family of Wesley Pinnell in Indianapolis, we hired a team and drove there to bring them to us. They were all well but the two girls, one was twenty-two years and the other eighteen, they had consumption. That summer there was a man who commenced a school three miles of us. My brother, older than I, was in his eleventh year and I in my ninth, we went to school. The oldest girl, that was sick, I will call her by name after this, Nancy Pinnell was sick all summer, she was born October 11, 1814, according to family record. She died at her uncle's, F. R. Pinnell, in Michigan, August 9th, 1836, of consumption. As it happened, there was a preacher by the name of Williams, came to hunt up Methodists to start a mission, and he preached her funeral sermon. The other girl was never stout, but she stayed at her uncles, F. R. Pinnell, also her cousin, Rebeca Hinchman. She was not able to do hard work and when she could find work that was light, she did it and so she could do enough to pay her board. She was a nice, quiet lady. Wesley, the oldest boy, went to Niles to learn the carpenter's trade with the same man where brother I. A. Pin-

nell was working. Francis was stouter than Wesley, he hired out to work on a farm.

ELIZA, the widow, was the oldest of the family, she took her little girl and went to work. She could not get so much by having the child with her, so she brought her to mother and paid her one dollar a week to keep her, then she could save more money. We all tried to help her and one another as much as if all were one family. The widow married after two years a stage driver, by the name of Phye, they lived around part of the time in our country and sometimes in other localities, and one time in Illinois, went back to Michigan, then went to Arkansas. They had a family of boys, six in number, and one girl, besides the one she brought to Michigan. In later years she went to Ohio and is still living, or was the last I heard, two years ago. If living at this time she will be 92 years old the 12th of Feb. 1904. The last I heard of her she was living with her daughter, the youngest of the family.

Mr. Phye and five sons went to the call of their country in the war of the rebellion. After his discharge he came home and was sick and died. Some of the boys are dead.

FRANCIS married a Mr. Cook in Virginia, and left there when we all came to Michigan. They returned to Virginia. Then in 1848 they came to Michigan, stayed about six years. Mr. Cook was not satisfied, so they went back to Virginia, to where his friends lived. They had a large family of boys and girls. When the war of '60 was in action Mr. Cook and five sons enlisted and went to fight for their country. I think they all lived to get home, some were sick and died after they got home. Mr. Cook died shortly after he arrived home, one of the boys had both of his eyes shot out, and lived 20 years after. He had a wife and two or three children when he went to the war. One of his sons was a veteran soldier, as he had enlisted for one year in the first place, then when his term was up he re-enlisted and served until the war was over. He went home and brought his mother and all the children that were not married and some that were, including the one that was entirely blind, to Michigan. He went back to Virginia, and died there. I think they are all dead now. When they came to Michigan, they went three miles north of us. Mrs. Cook came and made us a visit in 1868. The son (the veteran soldier) died of paralysis at Pierson, Mich. After his death the mother moved to Muskegon, Michigan, where she died, May 4th, 1884, at the age of 72 years.

PHOEBE PINNELL was born September 19th, 1820, in Virginia. Came to Michigan with the others in 1835 to her uncle, F. R. Pinnell, worked out, and supported herself. In 1837 she was married to William Riggins. He died in Chicago, Ill., was run over by an express wagon. He was about 70 years old I think. They had quite a number of children, all

but four died in infancy. They lived on Lake Michigan, near Green Bay, several years. She and the children kept a light-house. She was a soldier, if she was a female. He was gone on the lakes a good part of his time. One time when he was out one of the little ones died. It was four miles to the nearest neighbor. She took a dry-goods box and made a coffin and dug it a grave on the edge of the bay, and buried it herself. They had been bringing them to South Bend, Ind., and burying them by the side of the little ones, that had died before they went to Green Bay. The eldest son was a soldier in the late war, served his time until the end. Came home, as his mother lived then in Niles, Mich. He then went to Texas and married. Took the consumption and died in 1899, at the age of 61 years. He left a wife and one child. Phoebe's first girl, Catherine (they called her Kate) married in Mo. a Mr. Briant. I think he is dead. The other daughter, Mary, married at Pierson, Mich. She and her mother always lived together. The second son enlisted in the late war in Niles, Mich., in the year 1862. He was in the battle of Shilo, was in the swamps and rain and exposure brought on quick consumption. He was sent home to his mother at Niles, Mich. In the month of June he died, and was buried in the Niles Cemetery Sept. 1863. He was a handsome young man, liked by everyone. His mother, sister and youngest boy went to Pierson, Mich. Mary married a Mr. Pettibone. Phoebe, her mother, died the 11th of October, 1885, at the age of 65. She was buried in the Niles cemetery by the side of her soldier-son. Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone went to Texas, he died there. She and the brother Frank went to Fort Worth, Texas, were there four years. Do not know if they are living or not.

Obituary of Phoebe Riffin.

Died in Pierson, Mich., Oct. 11, 1885. Mrs. Phoebe Riffin, daughter of Wesley Pinnell and Phoebe Pinnell. She died at her daughter's home, Mary Pettibone. She expired after a long and lingering illness, which terminated in typhoid-pneumonia. Her sickness was born with exemplary patience. She was born in Giles county, Va. She had been a widow for several years and was greatly esteemed by a large number of friends, she was 65 years of age. Tender sympathies are extended to her bereaved family, especially her daughter, who has taken care of her with untiring devotion. Her remains were brought to Niles for interment.

Obituary of Fereling Huysen Cook.

Mr. Fereling Huysen Cook died March 7, 1872, aged 27 years, 9 months and 23 days. The subject of this notice was a cripple for the last five years of his life, being deprived of the use of his limbs by palsy, which totally hindered him from performing any manual labor. He, like many others, put off

the day of repentance until he was on the bed of death, when he gave his heart to God and gave full assurance of his acceptance. He leaves a widow, mother, brothers and sisters, and many friends to mourn his loss. He was buried at Carol, Mich. Sermon by Augustus King, of the U. B. Church.

Obituary of Electa Brackbill.

Mrs. Electa Brackbill, aged 74 years, died at the county farm, near Greenville, last Sunday night, July 30th, 1896. As her son was working by the month at the county farm, he wanted his mother to come there so he could be with her and help take care of her. She left her home in Pierson to be with him. She was there six weeks when death released her. She was buried at Pierson, her old home, on Tuesday afternoon.

Elmer Brackbill cut down a tree, near Greenville, the trunk flew backward over the stump, and struck him in the stomach, causing instant death, on January 7th, 1897. He was the only son and only child of Mrs. Electa Brackbill, who was the daughter of Wesley and Phoebe Pinnell. Her husband, Mr. Brackbill, died in September 1846.

Elmer was a little boy when his father, James, died. The mother and son always lived together. They were parted only six months when death came to him. He was buried in Pierson, beside her. The man that was administrator sold her house and household goods and put a nice monument on their graves and had a photo taken and sent one to her brother and each sister, and as I was a cousin they sent me one. I prize it highly.

Mr. Wesley Pinnell went to Niles to a Mr. Hull to learn the carpenter trade. His sister Rebecca stayed with us most of the time. His trade was finished in 1838. In the fall he was wanted in Berrien Springs to work on a house. There was no stage to go on, so he took his clothes, saw and plane on his houlder, and carried them the ten miles. He was very warm on reaching the St. Joseph river, there was no bridge and the ferry boat had left the wharf to go over to the other side. He stood there in the wind and cold until he was chilled; when he crossed over he went to the inn. He was taken very sick and they sent for a doctor; he came and gave him a sweat bath, but did not get any better. He was there for some time when he sent for Mr. Hull to come to him and he took him to Niles. He stayed seven weeks there. He told Mr. Hull he wanted to go to his uncle Pinnell's. It was nine miles. When Mr. Hull came with him, he said, "Aunt, I have stayed seven weeks with Mrs. Hull, and I have come to stay seven weeks with you." As he had quick consumption, and his sister had the same, they coughed a great deal, so they took her to my married sister, one half mile, to see if she could rest any better; she wanted to see her brother Wesley before he died. They brought her to him, as no wish of any of them

was denied. Just seven weeks after he came home he died, aged 22 years.

WESLEY PINNELL, died at his uncle's F. R. Pinnell, in Michigan, May 4, 1838, of quick consumption after an illness of three or four months. He was a good young man, and is missed by all. Funeral sermon by Harrison, as he was sent by the M. E. Church as a missionary, and that was his first time to come to hunt up his places to preach. In four weeks he was coming to preach, and the sister Rebecca had died also.

MISS REBECCA PINNELL, daughter of Wesley Pinnell, died at her uncle's, F. R. Pinnell, in Michigan, June 3, 1838, aged 20 years, of quick consumption. Funeral by J. Harrison. All three are buried side by side in the field.

FRANCIS C. PINNELL, son of Wesley and Phoebe Pinnell, was almost 21 years old when the brother and sister died, but he worked, and helped to pay the funeral expenses. He went to Iowa in the fall of '38 with a family, and he married one of the daughters. There was born to them a son and a daughter. His wife died, and when he had been gone nine years he came to visit us in 1847. He stayed three months. You may think we were glad to see him once more. He went back to Iowa, he took another wife. They have a family of children. I will give the names of them as given to me five years ago:

Franklin, Jackson, Mrs. Julia Pinnell-Boyer, Jimmie, Maudy, Thomas, Eldridge. Their address is Milton, Iowa.

There were 7 sons and 5 daughters.

MR. FRANCIS C. PINNELL, was born in Giles county, Virginia, in 1817. If he lives till next June he will be 87 years old. I suppose from what I hear, he is quite well to do.

MARY ANN PINNELL, daughter of Wesley and Phoebe Pinnell. She is the youngest of nine children, was eight years old when her parents died in Indianapolis, in 1835. She worked as all the other children did. When a young lady she went to Laport, Ind., and learned a trade. In the fall of 1847 she came on a visit to see us. She told mother she was going to be married in the winter. She was married in February to a Mr. Frank Hawkins. In April they started for Texas (Waxahachie, where she still lives.)

After her parent's death she was raised by Mrs. Phoebe Riffin, her oldest sister. She also grew up with Nancy A. Pinnell (the writer of this book), and has loved her devotedly, even more if possible than her own sisters.

There were born to this union six children:

Alice Hawkins, married S. T. Mulkey.

Ellie Hawkins, married W. A. Calfee.

Mate Hawkins, married John B. Dalefirst, one son, 2 girls.

Emma Hawkins, married C. L. Arnald, one son, two girls.

Obituary of Frank Hawkins.

Mr. Frank Hawkins, born — died 1891, married in 1848 to Mary Ann Pinnell, daughter of Wesley Pinnell and wife Phoebe, and in a few weeks emigrated to Texas "Waxahachie", where his wife still resides in the old home on Hawkin street (named after him.) He was a noble grand man, no one stood higher in the state than he and was loved by all. He was chearful and genial and good to every one. It was hard to say: "Oh, Lord, thy will be done."

Following are the children:

Eddie Hawkins, married Matta Carson.

Lee Hawkins, has three children.

Lee was not married then but is now. I do not know what his wife's name is, as this was in 1880. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hawkins, with their son, Lee, came to visit us when he was 13 years old, in 1880. We had never seen Mr. Hawkins until they came. They wrote us they would be here sometime in the week. They stayed and had a good long visit. It had been 35 years since we had seen her. We were all overjoyed to see them. She did not take her hat or cap off for one half hour; she walked back and forth as calm as could be, would go to the bed where father was sick and stoop over and kiss him and say, is it possible that I am at my dear old uncle's once more. If only aunt had not died. She would go to Delila and put her hands on her face and kiss her, and then she would come to me to do the same. My nephew, Joseph F. Pinnell, had a livery stable in Niles and brought them out. She would go and kiss him and said, you look like your dear father, my own dear cousin Thomas Pinnell. I think she kissed us more than a dozen times and said is it so that I am at uncle's house again. She did not make a noise, sometimes she would smile, while the tears would drop from her face, still she did not cease to lay her arms around us and kiss us. Her husband sat still and he nor any of us said a word, I prepared the dinner; she stayed eight days and never left the house. Sometimes he would go to Niles and Laport and visit his folks. Some times he would take the son and at other times he left him with us. They left here the eighth day of June, 1880. Since then Mr. Hawkins has died, with a cancer on his lip, he suffered greatly. The family all lived in Texas.

Five years last fall, in October 1903, she and a granddaughter came to see me. Oh how glad I was to see her once more. I never expect to see her again in this life, as she is quite feeble, so they wrote me last fall. I think as we were so near of age and we played together when we were little, and so much of the time lived in the same house, it appears to me that we were almost sisters. We loved each other as such. Why should we not, as we were double cousins.

Judge Lee Hawkins' friends say that he should come up higher. He has served his country as county attorney and is now her efficient county judge. Judge Hawkins enjoys the distinction of having never lost a race before the people and of having never betrayed a trust reposed in him. He is the best known county judge in Texas, he having served as president of the county judge's association which shows how he stands with his fellow officials. He too, was the first honor man in his law class at the University of Texas in 1889, and is an Ellis county born and raised boy. His family have been long identified with her best interests and no man knows her people better than he.

I will now commence on the family of Mr. F. R. Pinnell, as before spoken of. They all worked either at home or for other people, though the country was new and hard to get anything that was required, but we had the promise that the righteous should not be forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. There was no church to go to, so the people that were Christians joined together and had prayer meeting, also class meeting, every Sunday at a private house, till the Conference sent a man to preach every four weeks, then they started a Sunday school in the same house the meeting was held in, as it was only a log cabin and only one room at that and three beds in the back part of it. In the other end was a chimney made of sticks and clay, it sometimes caught fire, then some one would put water on it, and all was quiet. Aunt Susan, as we all called the lady of the house, would sit in the corner by the fire and near the water pail. On Saturday she scrubbed the floor, as it was made of basswood, till it was white as paper. The hearth was made of clay, if a live coal dropped from the fire, and began to burn the floor, she would take her little cup and get some water and put it out. They had a superintendent, assistant superintendent, and a secretary. They had a bible class for the older ones that could read in the bible; then they had two other classes besides the little ones. Father was superintendent, and one of Mr. Hinchman's boys was assistant, the other was secretary. My mother taught the class from 15 to 16. Father and the two Hinchman's had the older ones of the young folks. My sister, the married one, had the little class. The benches were logs, split in two and holes bored in the ends, and some round polls cut the right length for legs, we did not have backs to lean against those days. I remember, every Sunday mother told us to learn a hymn in the old Methodist hymn book. My brother Thomas and myself were called to her side every day and learned a verse to recite the next Sunday. We all learned them, and now at the age of 76, they are vivid in my mind. If children were brought up so now in place of having dominos, games, cards, dances, theatres, and places of amusement, for instance the Iroquois Theater disaster, in which so many were burned in Chicago this winter, might not have occurred. I do not know how

they could go to heaven from such a place. If I wanted amusement I would rather go out on the highway and gather up the stones and pile them in a pile and throw them down and pile them up again. I will return to my first Sunday school. It was nothing to have from ten to twenty Indians and sometimes thirty ride up in the yard on their ponies, three or four on a pony at the time. Some of them would come in or to the door and ask for something to eat. If Mrs. Hinchman had some cold potatoes or corn bread she would give it to them. They would look wild and make motions to each other and acted as if they were wondering what was going on in there.

Well, it took all the men in the neighborhood, if a man wanted to raise a house or a barn or to roll the logs in a pile, so they could be burned; they were always ready to help each other. The folks nowadays know nothing how the first settlers had to do in this country when it was new. When we had lived here four years, my father let my brother, that had entered the land of the government, have the home-place as they agreed on the price. Then father went three miles south and bought 40 acres of land, in the fall of '49. We lived on the 40 acres till 1854. He sold it as he was too old to farm it, so he bought ten acres in a half-mile distance and died there when he was 95 years old. Brother rented the home-place to a man, as he could not work the farm. He lived in Niles and was a mechanic.

Our first houses were built of logs, but the last house we lived in is a school house, and I have a picture of it taken (H. E. Pinnell, of Erie, has one). I am sitting besides the door with the old persimmon tree spreading its branches all over me, that father set out, and as I look back over the past and see how swiftly the time flies, I know it will only be a few short years, may be months, that I can be here to greet you and say, God bless you. I feel that my work is most done here, and my nephew wished me to write this book, so he could have it as he lived 20 years in Pennsylvania and did not see a Pinnell, except his mother. I can say it has been a task; although some pleasant memories have been freshened up, and as I look back over my work I say, there is someone so much more competent to write and and get it together in a nicer shape.

MISS NANCY ANN PINNELL.

P. S.—H. E. Pinnell would suggest that anyone who gets this book can correct any mistakes that they may find. Please send corrections to me.

I will copy the names of some of the old photos I have. There may be some that would like a copy. If anyone has some of the old heads I would be pleased to correspond with them, as I am getting a collection.

Susan Stapleton, wife of William Pinnell, and three children.

1st—George A. J. Pinnell, Stapleton, Va., still living 1907, born 1838.

2nd—Joseph J. W. Pinnell, born 1821, died from burns, October 31, 1904, was in the Mexican war.

3rd—Rebecca L. Pinnell, married a Moor, born 1815, died 1887.

Julia Morrison, wife of Jessie Pinnell.

Mary Ann Johnson, daughter of Nancy Pinnell Johnson. The latter is a daughter of James Pinnell Jr., son of James Pinnell Sr., in England.

Eliza Morrison Pinnell, daughter of Julia and Jessie Pinnell, wife of Rev. Samuel Stevens, died 1881.

Rev. Samuel Stevens.

Campbell W. Settle, son of Nancy Ann Pinnell.

Easter Eliza Phye, daughter of Wesley Pinnell.

Ammy Pinnell, daughter of John Pinnell.

Francis R. Pinnell, father of Nancy A. Pinnell, the writer.

Elizabeth Linegar, wife of Francis R. Pinnell.

H. E. Pinnell, Erie, Pa., 1907.